JOHN BULL, MAY 28, 1927 Vol. XLI. No. 1068

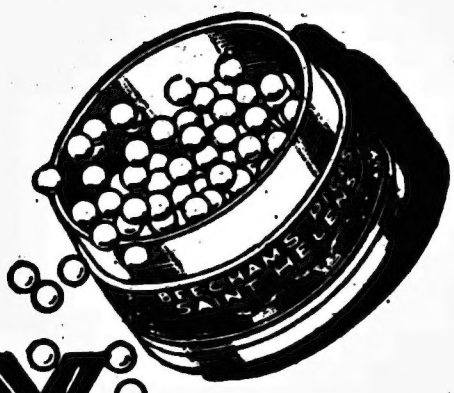
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the world, 1d.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

The SPRING TIME REMEDY is Beecham's Pills



Their wonderful medicinal properties stimulate kidneys, arouse the liver, tone the stomach, clear the blood.

The bane of the world is CONSTIPATION Beecham's Pills correct it!

A dose at night will keep you right

Sluggish bowels make SICK HEADACHE Beecham's Pills correct it!

BEECHAM'S PILLS Worth a Guinea a box

Have you tried Beecham's Powders yet? A remarkable combination of drugs, they are the WONDERFUL REMEDY for Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Influenza, Colds. Many testimonials have been received proving their worth.

8 Powders 1/3

Single Powders 2d. each.

Rheumatism Cured

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Tilterton Street, Sheffield.
Dear Sirs,
I was away from work for weeks suffering from RHEUMATISM. Doctor's treatment did me no good, and I tried various other remedies. I was recommended Urace, and after the second box I was enabled to go back to my work in the steel works, furnace building and repairing.
I shall never be without Urace Tablets, and I shall recommend them to everyone.
Yours truly, G. Brittain.

URACE CURES AND CURES QUICKLY.

The cause of Rheumatism lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding or wash it out with medicated waters. YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes Rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls, spas, appliances, belts and treatments have failed. That is why URACE is freely prescribed and supported by the medical profession.

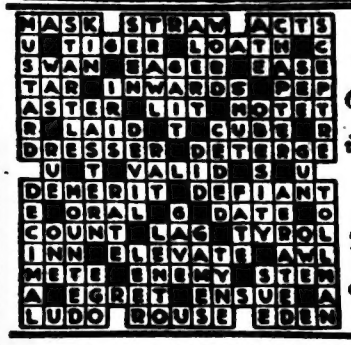
1/3 3/-, & 5/- per Box.

From Boots, Timothy White & Co., Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

TESTED JB THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA, CRAMP, NERVE PAINS, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLE, GOUT, BACKACHE, SCIATICA, &c.

Smart, reliable, up-to-date "CAPTAIN" Bicycles obtainable on my Unique "No Deposit" Policy. Just a 1/- or two as a guarantee of genuineness. 14 Days' Ridine Trial. Carriage Paid. Guaranteed For Ever. Greatest Cycle Value in the World. "Catalogues Please" on a Postcard will introduce you to my Big Bargain Catalogues. Tyres at slaughtered prices. Accessories of every description.

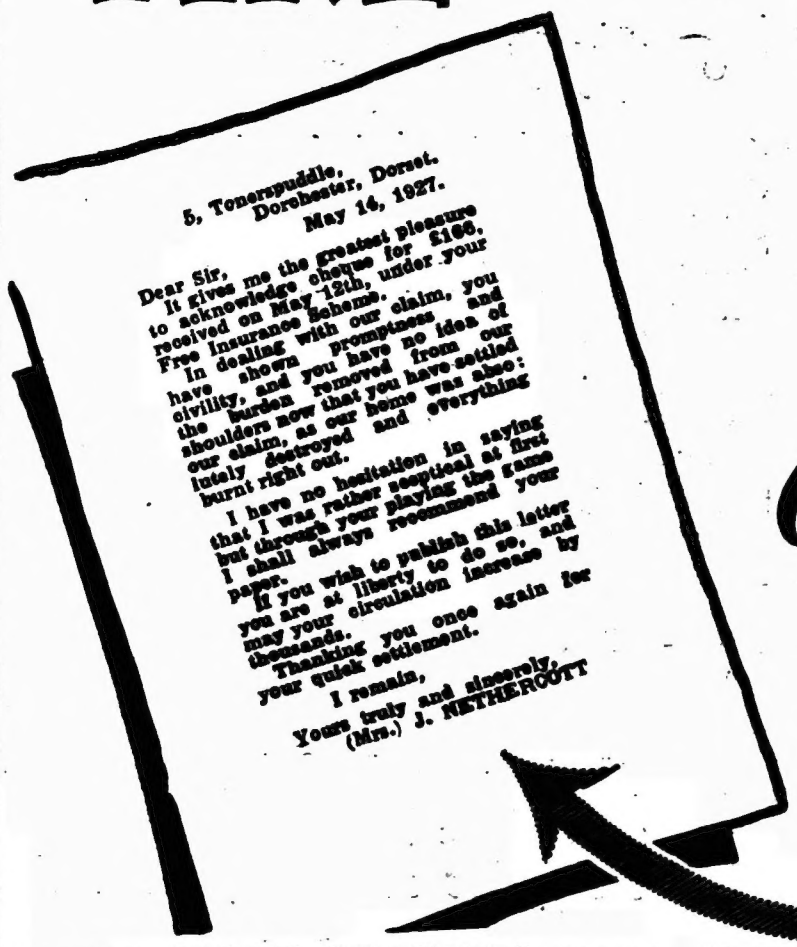


Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 38.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

A TERRIBLE FIRE—



5, Tonerspuddle,
Dorchester, Dorset.
May 14, 1927.

Dear Sir,
It gives me the greatest pleasure to acknowledge cheque for £166, received on May 12th, under your Free Insurance Scheme.
In dealing with our claim, you have shown promptness and civility, and you have no idea of the burden removed from our shoulders now that you have settled our claim, as our home was also lately destroyed and everything burnt right out.
I have no hesitation in saying that I was rather sceptical at first but through your playing the same I shall always recommend your paper.
If you wish to publish this letter you are at liberty to do so, and may your circulation increase by thousands.
Thanking you once again for your quick settlement.
I remain,
Yours truly and sincerely,
(Mrs.) J. NETHEROUTT

and a Reader's Gratitude

The letter quoted here is typical of many received from readers who, out of sheer gratitude, feel prompted to sing the praises of our Free Insurance Gift. Letters written in a similar strain are continually being received from readers who have received benefits on account of FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENTS, Etc. Sign the forms now.

128 MORE BENEFITS PAID THIS WEEK TOTAL 26,431.

OUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 28/5/27.

OUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 28/5/27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"Finest Pen I have had in my hands for 20 years," writes L. Hewitt of 14, Thurston Road, Leyland, Lancs.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Gold Solid Nib iridium tip worth 15/-
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

YOU SAVE 13/6

Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra

Irving's Yeast Vite Tonic Tablets

YEAST IS LIFE!

ONE of the greatest discoveries of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the Stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. This wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin.

YEAST-VITE IS RICH IN VITAMIN B.

An eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B.

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

The Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve:—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc. .. .. in 5 min.
Indigestion, Flatulence .. in 5 to 10 min.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 min.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 15 min.
Influenza Colds, Fever .. .. in 24 hours

Read These Testimonials

—a few of thousands received.

28915—F. W. H., Charterhouse: I have pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Yeast-Vite Tablets in cases of great depression, anxiety or worry. Without a doubt they are wonderful pick-me-ups.

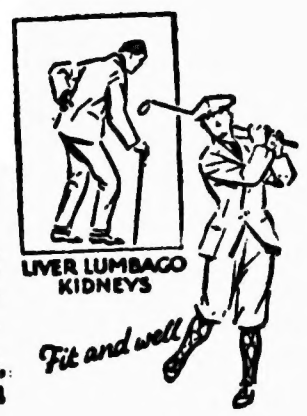
28910—Nurse G. C., Chiswick: I feel I must write and tell you how very much better in health I have been since I started taking your wonderful "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I have been in a poor state of health for some considerable time, and have tried quite a number of different tonics, but have not yet found anything to equal "Yeast-Vite."

28505—E. W., Shepherd's Bush: I feel that I should write and tell you that I have derived great benefit from "Yeast-Vite," and after taking it for about two days felt different altogether. For some time past I have been feeling very run down, could not sleep and was a bag of nerves, and could not cheer myself up. Now I feel quite fit and bright and have gained 2 lbs. in one week. I work in a large Government office, and have recommended them to numerous members of the staff, and they also say that they feel very satisfactory results. Wishing you every success with your undertaking.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the above extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 45,000 letters from satisfied users in less than 3 years which are open to inspection.

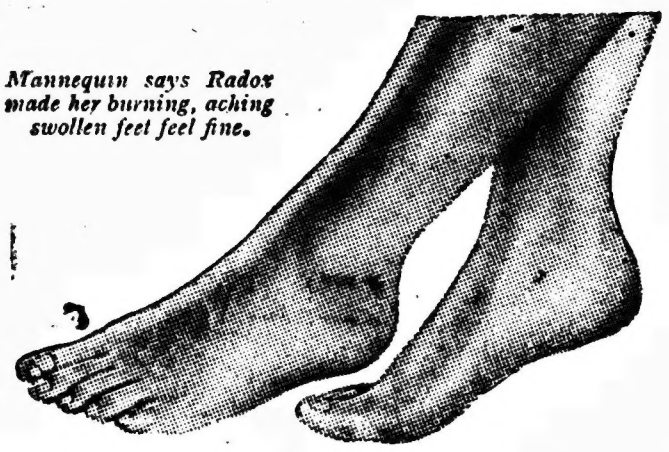
CAUTION.—Beware of Imitations! See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle and sealed with Government Stamp. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1



OUR GUARANTEE
Obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, &c.



Mannequin says Radox made her burning, aching swollen feet feel fine.

CORNS and Hard Skin Vanish

Does your work keep you on your feet most of these hot, foot-torturing days? If so, take a leaf out of this Mannequin's book. Keep your feet fresh, sweet and free from corns by delightful 15-minute Radox foot-baths. Read this letter:

"I should like to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from Radox Bath Salts. As a Mannequin I am on my feet the greater part of the day, and frequently wearing several pairs of new shoes to match each costume.

"Before I discovered Radox I used to go through agony with the aching, burning and swelling of my feet, but now I always have a Radox foot-bath before going to Parades and another as soon as I come home again, and I never have swollen, aching feet. I think, too, it is a big point in favour of Radox to be able to say that I haven't the slightest trace of a corn or hard skin in any form."

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox the life-giving oxygen which Radox liberates enters and cleanses the pores, drawing out of the feet all the burning, aching, swelling sensations and leaving them sweet and fresh. This oxygen also carries the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. Ask for Radox at your chemist's. Price 1/6 per Half Pound Pink Packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen feeling."

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

Gives quick relief from Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, etc.
4/6 a tin at all chemists.

'NERVES'!

Don't let 'nerves' ruin your life. Iron-Ox tiny tonic tablets have relieved thousands.

At all Chemists 1/3 & 5/-
IRON-OX CO., 27, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.

For 2/- I SEND YOU A HIGH GRADE BRITISH BICYCLE—WITH FREE GIFT OF LAMP & BELL PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID.

WHY WAIT?

Get Your Cycle NOW!

You will find just the Model you require amongst my **REMARKABLE OFFERS.** Roadsters, Light Roadsters, Racing, Touring, etc. Never before has such value been offered. Every Cycle is built of Best British Parts by highly skilled Mechanics, and is **FULLY GUARANTEED.** You cannot buy a better Bicycle. Easy payments arranged to suit your pocket.

For 2/- deposit, I send you any Model you care to select. I make no charge for extras. **I DELIVER FREE, I PAY CARRIAGE, I GIVE YOU 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, I RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL IF DISSATISFIED.** My 26 years' experience and reputation for straight dealing protects you. Write to me FIRST. Write **NOW!** You will save pounds. (Estd. 26 years.)

ART LIST FREE.

George King

Dept .. C.B.
COVENTRY. LTD

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

PAY FOR YOUR WHITSUN SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 7/6 down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
30, LANGHAM ST., LONDON, W.1.

"Play the Game" with a Swift Racket

ONLY **5/-** DOWN

Now is your chance to procure a racket of excellent quality and finish on remarkable terms. Made of Best English bevelled Ash frame. Bound Surgically. Strung with finest quality English green and white gut. Four centre mains. Simply send to-day a deposit of 5/-, with the promise to pay a further 2/6 weekly for 10 weeks. Cash with order, or in seven days, 27/6. State weight required.

H. D. ZEALANDER & Co. 124-127 Minories, London, E.1

FINE PORTABLE FOR WHITSUN 5/- DOWN

For 5/- we send at once this "Famous Hotspur" Portable Gramophone. Only if fully satisfied with its fine tone and workmanship do you pay 12 further monthly instalments of 5/- (65/- in all: 5 per cent. discount for cash).

SOLID OAK CABINET

12½ ins. deep, 11½ wide, 8½ high. All parts fixtures—simply open up and play. Fitted 2 lever locks, leather handle, special needle clip, space for 6 records, etc. "Hotspur" (Thorens' made) motor, 10in. plush covered turntable, special taper tone arm, high grade Concert Sound Box. Beautifully made and finished. Act at once. Send 5/- to-day.

H. J. HERAUD, Gram. Manfr. Dept. "H.B.", NUMBER ONE EDMONTON, London, N.18.

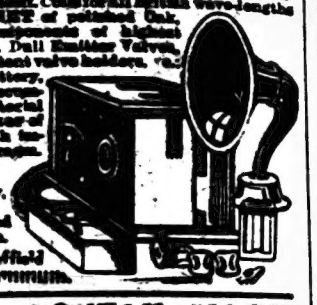
Send for Illus. List Free.
Agents for H.M.V. & Columbia.

GRAVES WIRELESS BARGAIN

This mighty efficient 2-Valve Loud Speaker Set is the finest Wireless Value ever offered.

10/- NOW

Volume quality of tone unsurpassed. Pleasing Result. Coils for all British wave-lengths CABINET of polished Oak, and component of highest quality. Dull Emitter Valves, with patent valve holders. 4½ H.T. Battery. 9-volt accumulator and complete Aerial Outfit. Local Recorder of exclusive design with improved mica diaphragm.



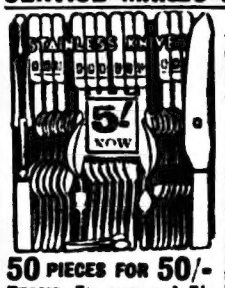
£7 : 17 : 6

Terms: 10/6 now. 10/6 Monthly.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

THE GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE MAKES FOOD ATTRACTIVE.



50 PIECES FOR 50/-

TERMS: 5/- now and 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash. Approval in your home.

A good Meal deserves a good Knife and Fork.

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

1 pr D'ble Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Tble Knvs, and 6 Stainless Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles. Blades can be sharpened to razor-like edge. 2 Tble Spns, 6 Dsert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Tble Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Colombian Silver which is always white.

Write for Catalogue.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

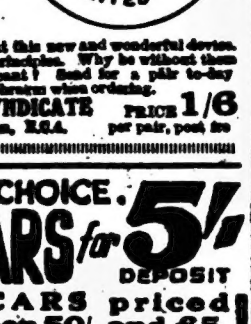
Cork Lino

If it's Catesbys it will beautify the floors of any room. Low in cost. Long-lasting, warm in winter, cool in summer. Hygienic, Never needs scrubbing.

FREE Write to-day for Pattern book of many wonderful and artistic designs, samples adn cash and credit prices.

CATESBYS, LTD.
Dept. K19, Tottenham Court Rd.
LONDON, W.1.

Great Discovery for Wireless Headphones!



SIMPLE INVENTION which greatly increases SIGNAL STRENGTH and PURITY OF TONE.

THE "DUOPHRAGM" Compound Amplifying Diaphragm is the diaphragm recommended by Professor A. M. Low. It gives astounding efficiency in reception. No headphones are perfect without this new and wonderful device. Constructed on new Scientific principles. Why be without them when the cost is on instalment? Send for a pair to-day stating diameter of present diaphragm when ordering.

THE DUOPHRAGM SYNDICATE 88, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. PRICE 1/6 per pair, post free

LOVELY MACKS

Art Silks, bordered or plain, Lizards, Jap Silks, &c. Any coat sent on approval.

EASY TERMS BARGAINS

Small deposit. Balance weekly.

WEAR AS YOU PAY

We trust and want to serve you.

Wonderful Bargains for Ladies, Gents, Children.

SENT FREE.

Write NOW for FREE beautifully Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns

SALISBURY SERVICE CO., Dept. S, 13, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4

SPECIAL OFFER

for limited period only

72 SQ FT. for 15/-

TRICKER THAN LINOLEUM.

Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata

All rolls are 2 yards wide.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter Street, London, S.E.17.

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STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

YOUR BEST CHOICE. BABY CARS for 5/- DEPOSIT

10 CARS priced between 50/- and £5.

Every one finely designed—spring balanced and guaranteed. A favour is asked in your own interests—see our beautiful COLOURED ART LIST before buying.

Folding Cars included. You know our terms are the best and lowest.

FREE APPROVAL.

EASY TERMS from 1/3 WEEK

WRITE NOW! Dept. B.B.1.

GEORGE SMITH, (Clapham Junction), Ltd., LONDON, S.W.11.

Easy to Play—Easy to Pay!

2/6 DOWN BRINGS THE NEW POCKET UKULELE BANJO

Full Outfit & Lightning Self-Tutor Given Free!

O advertisement can describe this little instrument with the real banjo tone. Get one for the holidays. Enjoy happy times at home and outdoors. Send only 2/6 with order, 2/6 on receipt of instrument, then 2 weekly payments of 2/6 (12/6 in all). Price includes Strings, Patent Plectrum and Tutor. Cash price 10/-. Complete Jam Dream Outfit for cash or terms. Write to-day. Send for Illustrated List.

We Pay Postage

Actual Makers: J. B. HERRNICK, 203, Pentonville Rd., London, N.

QUALITY & VALUE. GRAVES

GRAVES BENEFIT BALE

Comprising 2 white super-quality Fleecy Blankets, Blue borders, size 68 x 86in weight 7lbs. 2 coloured Fleecy Blankets, White borders, size 70x90in weight 5½lbs 1 coloured Alhambra Quilt, size 78 x 94in weight 5½lb 2 unbleached Grey Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, size 70 x 90in weight 4lbs: 2 White Pillow Cases, size 20 x 30in: 1 White Bolster Case, size 20x60in. Price 50/-

5/- NOW

TERMS: Send 5/- now, 5/- monthly. 5% Discount for cash. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

5.19.6

Carriage Paid U.K.

or 11 monthly instalments of 10/6 and £1 : 0 : 0 down

Model No. 14. Richly Oak finished. Jacobean Pedestal. Fitted with Fullotone "Junior" sound box and strong DOUBLE SPRING three-record motor: all 1927 improvements; ultra pure tone and great volume. Sent direct from factory to you.

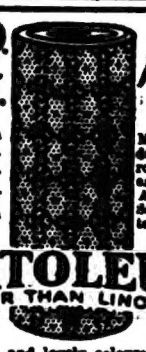
Send for list of 20 models.

CABINET GRAMOPHONE Co. (Dept. J.B. 66), 73, Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

FULLOTONE
The Gramophone of Amazing Value

Also 148, High Street (N.). E Ham

81 SQ. FT. for 15/-



Cover your floor with Artoleum—the rot-proof, damp-proof floor covering that is better and cheaper than linoleum.

Made in many lovely designs for every room; hard-wearing, easy to keep clean. All rolls 2 yards wide. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

SAMPLES and lovely coloured illustrated price lists FREE

Write or call at our Showrooms:

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FROM WEAVER TO WEARER GET YOUR NEW SUIT NOW!

Made to Measure. You will realise the amazing economy in dealing with us when you see our wonderful patterns direct from the World-famous Yorkshire Looms. Perfectly fitting SUITS or RAINCOATS, tastefully cut by our West End Expert to your individual requirements. Our Material manufactured from Pure Wool is good, looks good, looks good, and keeps its shape after long, hard wear. Big Budget of Patterns and simplified self-measure form Free.

We pay rent both ways.

FROM 6/- MTHLY YEWDALL'S DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE 18H, Great Fenton St. LEEDS

HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING

Every Roll is two yards wide.

Thicker than high-priced Cork Lino. Guaranteed rot, damp and vermin proof, easily cleaned. For stone, brick, damp or ordinary wooden floors. Send for free samples.

PRICE ONLY 15/- PER ROLL OF 72 SQUARE FEET

HAWKEN & Co. DEPT. 122 VIGO HOUSE, 27 & 29 REGENT ST. LONDON, W.1.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

8/- NOW

£10 for £6

The frame of the Genuine "Speed King" Cycle is cut pressed, enamelled Black & Cream Band for sale to supplied all Black if desired. Fitted with

B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR
DUNLOP Roadster Cord Tyres
RENOLD CHAIN
MIDDLEMORE'S

Ladies' or Gent's model same price. Carriage Paid. Terms: 8/- now, & 12/- monthly. Complete Accessory Catalogue Post Free. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

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Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Ghandeliers, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

How to double employment applied to Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.

Invited

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

THIS IS THE BEST WONDER-FUL GRAMOPHONE BARGAIN OFFER ever known. A British-made Harmless Gramophone with polished Oak Cabinet, mounted 8 silent Rotax 10in. Turntable, silent tone reproducer, and FIVE selected Records (10 Selections), at the unprecedented low price of £3 : 0 : 0.

TERMS: Send 5/- now, and 11 monthly payments of 5/- Fullest Approval. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

THE BEST HOUSE
In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery. Barlers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. lers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide. Post free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS, Marketmen and Beginners, don't delay writing for our free Illustrated Catalogue containing bargains in all classes of Drapery Goods.—S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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NEW Life to weary, worn-out Nerves. Probyn Nutrient restores health, strength and lost vitality. Send to-day for free trial supply.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Rd., London, S.W.18.

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URIC ACID TROUBLES. A copy of a wonderful booklet will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Vegalettes. Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemist, 50, Spelman Street, London, E.1.

PILES.—Get relief from your agony. "Hemosol" the new discovery, cures worst cases, saves Operation. Recommended medical profession. No ointment, no medicine. Treat yourself at home, 5/- post free, or stamp free booklet.—"Hemosol" (Dept. J.B.), 1, Ramsden Rd., S.W.12.

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"ATEKA" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by *John Bull*. 5/- bott.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn. E.C.

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HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Post or call.—Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds

ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT FOR CASH, also old JEWELLERY, Diamonds, Gold, Silver. WE guarantee top prices—YOU can prove it. Call or post, Harris & Co., 217, Piccadilly, Ldn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

TWO SPORTS ONLY. "Boxing" is now "BOXING AND RACING." Reduced to 2d. weekly, greatly enlarged. Gives all the inside news of these two sports. Descriptive accounts of all fights and exclusive racing information. Now on sale at all newsagents.

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ALL ABOUT FUR AND WOOL RABBITS. Quite a lot of money can be made by breeding Rabbits for Fur and Wool. Chinchilla and Blue Beveren Skins are worth up to 20/- each, while there is a ready demand for Angora Wool at 35/- per lb. Descriptive pamphlet will be sent to you on request—FREE.—E. BOSTOCK SMITH, HEASELANDS, CANTERBURY.

A FREE coupon appears in the Mennen Shaving Cream advt. on page 29, which if sent with 4d. to cover postage and packing will bring readers of *John Bull* two Free tubes (Shaving Cream and Skin Balm).—Address Menn'en, J.B.4, c/o Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PERSONAL.

GLADYS Must meet you at all costs. Write time and place. Don't fail. Terribly urgent. Bringing Nigger with me.—Yours, WALTER.

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That's "Shepherd of the Hills"

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Serial Number of Music.	Name and particulars.	
	DANCES	
1714	"HOW COULD RED RIDING HOOD?" (Bless comes Fatima)	*Fox Trot*
1713	"HOW MANY TIMES?" (I Can't Get Over a Girl Like You)	*Fox Trot*
1712	"SUSIE'S FELLER" (Just a Bird's Eye View of my Old Kentucky Home)	*Fox Trot*
1711	"LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP IN CAROLINA" (Sunday)	*Fox Trot*
1710	"SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS" (Chilly Billy Woo Long)	*Fox Trot*
1709	"HERE IN MY ARMS" (Tell Me You Love Me)	*Fox Trot*
1684	"BABY FACE" (Cryin' for the Moon)	*Fox Trot*
1685	"BLACK BOTTOM" (I Wonder What's Become of Joe?)	*Fox Trot*
1696	"BREEZIN' ALONG WITH THE BREEZE" (That's Why I Love You)	*Fox Trot*
1697	"DRIFTING & DREAMING" (Mary Lou)	*Fox Trot*
1696	"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU" (Trail of Dreams)	*Waltz*
	VOCAL RECORDS	
1722	"THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER" (The Sunshine Sailed Away from Killarney) *Sung by Talbot O'Farrell*	
1723	"DEAR LITTLE IRISH MOTHER" (Mother O'Grady) *Sung by Talbot O'Farrell*	
1721	"HOW MANY TIMES?" (I Can't Get Over a Girl Like You) *Sung by Irving Kaufman*	
1720	"JUST A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME" (Lay Me Down to Sleep in Carolina) *Sung by Charles Kenn*	

Serial Number of Music.	Name and particulars.	
	VOCAL RECORDS—continued	
1690	"TO-NIGHT YOU BELONG TO ME" (That's Why I Love You)	*Tango Solo*
	VOCAL DUETS	
1687	"ANY ICE TO-DAY, LADY?" (Me Too, Me! Me! Me! Me!) *Sung by Haze and Jones*	
1691	"BABY FACE" (Out of the New Moon Rag) *Sung by the "Radio Imps."*	
	HAWAIIAN GUITAR RECORDS	
1715	"KAILUMA" (Hawaiian Waltz Medley) *Played by Fearon & Penfold*	
1546	"DROWSY WATERS" (La Golondrina) *Played by Fearon & Penfold*	
	BAND RECORDS	
1716	"IN A CHINESE TEMPLE GARDEN" (Ride of the Valkyrie)	*Ketelbey*
1717	"MARTIAL MOMENTS," Part 1 (Martial Moments, Part 2) March Medley *arranged by Aubrey Winter*	
	LAUGHING RECORD	
1189	"THE LAUGHING RECORD" (The Mocking Bird) *By the Topmost Comedy Four*	
	XYLOPHONE SOLO	
1718	"POET AND PEASANT"—Overture (Light Cavalry) *Played by Teddy Brown*	
	PIANOFORTE DUET	
1683	"BLACK BOTTOM" (For My Sweetheart) *Played by Henry Daniels and Peter de Rose*	

The titles shown in brackets appear on the reverse side of the Records. List of over 200 popular "Imperial" Records available can be obtained on application.

Have you tried Black Cat Tobacco?— 1/- per ounce Coupons in every packet.

Week ending Saturday, May 28, 1927. Twopence. Vol. XLI. No. 1093.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Herocially, London.

They Protest Too Much.

The loud disclaimers, from Government spokesmen, of an early dissolution of Parliament carry no conviction to the alert. Behind the scenes battle is preparing.

Growing Chronic.

That the number of unemployed has fallen below the million mark is good, but while there's one able-bodied man left unemployed there's no room to boast.

Great Issues.

The only real trouble in this country is unemployment. When the Government comes to the country it must be faced with the facts. It promised to solve the problem and cheapen living. Neither promise has been kept.

Bad Tactics.

To talk of men "losing the will to work" until the work is to be had is a quick way to make bad blood. Men living on the "dole" are perforce half starved, and that explains all.

Root Causes.

Behind the unemployment and taxation trouble lies the tragic fact of locked land. Each General Election gives opportunity for a mandate on the question. This time it must be grasped.

It's Queer.

There is still alleged to be a shortage of skilled labour in the building trade. Yet there are unemployed builders and boys longing to be at the job. It's a mad world.

To Jericho With Them.

The Geneva Economic Conference of forty-two nations has produced a devastating report on the ruinousness of tariff walls, tariff wars, and other international restraints on trade. It's a trumpet-call to common-sense.

A Naval "Secret."

At the Naval Conference in June, it would not be surprising if our Admiralty proposed a further reduction in the permitted size of warships. Certainly, if we can't "scrap the lot," the smaller the ships the less they will cost.

Landlords' Lever.

A strong agitation has been started on behalf of landlords in favour of ending housing control, and it is quite possible that Mr. Neville Chamberlain may be influenced thereby against his better judgment. The pressure of public opinion must be brought to bear.

Chairs and Tables.

The furniture trade is looking up. It might boom if the right class of houses was forthcoming. Houses mean homes, and homes need furniture, to say nothing of less bulky commodities.

Wheels Within Wheels.

Everybody knows that a family crowded into one room is a menace to health, but that it stagnates trade is less generally recognised. It's the man with a home and work and good wages who makes money go round.

Sea Harvest.

The Channel off the Kentish coast is "alive with tope" and record catches are being made of this edible fish. The market is glutted, but will the public benefit by cheap meals?

Nature's Bounty.

Home-grown fruit prospects are good all round. There'll be big crops. If prices come down the nation's health will benefit. But until sheer profiteering is illegal there's small hope.

Good Old Days.

Many British records of old markets show local regulations against profiteering. If a man bought apples at one end of the street and sold them at the other for a bigger price he was punished. Our ancestors weren't all fools.

They Report.

The Southborough Committee on the management of public-houses is of opinion "that improved and enlarged houses that cater for food as well as drink" are a development in the direction of progress. So are we.

Where We Lag.

They manage these things better in France. There, in every tiniest hamlet is a wayside café for the traveller's comfort. All food is pure and good of its kind. The French don't eat fakes.

Entente Cordiale.

M. Doumergue's visit is one of simple friendliness. He held out the hand and we took it. The French and British outlooks are dissimilar, but that needn't mean wrangling. If everybody thought alike it would be a very dull world.

Teaching 'Em.

The Ministry of Agriculture is giving farmers good advice on care and marketing of eggs and poultry. Whitehall wants the foreign competition to be met. Exactly. But in other countries the people are on the land in hundreds to our one.

A Good Move.

The wisdom of bringing together Governors of twenty-four colonies in conference at the Colonial Office is indubitable. Colonial administration bristles with difficulties, which only the man on the spot knows how to meet.

A £500 Double!

Bring home a winning "double" this week—the "Bullets" Double-First of £500 offered on page 39

Black and White.

Always at the Colonial Office the colour question looms large. There is only one way in which it can be treated properly. Treat the native with full justice and trouble won't arise.

Vigilance Needed.

Field walks have been ploughed near Wilmslow and Alderley Edge, but the Footpaths Preservation Society is taking action. That's the ticket.

A Fine Lead.

At Edmonton, eighteen months ago, two hundred unemployed men were given work. As a result the largest and best-equipped open-air swimming bath in London has now been opened. It is a paying proposition, and shows what can be done.

Against Regulation.

Most countries declare that traffic in women is stimulated by licensed houses. Women, to fill them, must be constantly "procured." That is the worst condemnation of the devilish business.

Rookery Nooks.

Nine hundred and ninety-five Glasgow houses are certified unfit for human habitation and altogether 14,000 are to come down. That 50,000 people live in them tells its own tale.

Rats!

Human inhabitants are not the only ones in Glasgow's slums. Rat-hunting in one property resulted in a bag of twenty in one house and twenty-seven in another. It's no wonder kiddies born into such surroundings often "go wrong." The miracle is that any go right.

Proof of the Pudding.

While many landlords grumble that property is not paying, the London County Council is netting a cool £63,000 a year out of houses it has decently built. That should encourage others.

The Angell Way.

At his farm on Northey Island, Maldon, Mr. Norman Angell is reclaiming salt sea mud. It grows good forage when properly treated. Land reclamation is one way of solving unemployment.

Checking Ugliness.

In the new cottages to be built at Sandringham designs to blend in with rural beauty are chosen. If it starts an improvement all round it is not before needed. Unless the jerrybuilder is checked the countryside will soon be noted for sheer ugliness.

What is Wrong?

These cottages will cost £425 each, leading to rentals of 9s. 6d. a week, too much for agricultural workers at present rates. But why not copy Switzerland or Holland in architecture and get both beauty and cheapness? Nothing stands in the way but dull prejudice.

"The Law is a Ass."

"Hot dogs"—warm sausage meat pasties—can be sold at all hours, but "cold dogs" cannot. It's sheer idiocy.

Significant.

In 1924 old horses exported alive to the Continent numbered 25,645; in 1925, 13,477, and in 1926, 7,356. The figures show a bad trade to be dwindling, but for the sake of our humanity it must stop altogether.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Bishop as Fireman.

Noticing smoke issuing from an outbuilding at Mr. Lawrence Marshall's house at Worsley, Dr. Henshaw, Bishop of Salford, secured a hose and played on the flames. When the fire brigade arrived there was little for it to do. By such acts a bishop proves himself indeed the father of his flock.

Nothing Doing.

Four magistrates, the officials, police and Pressmen attended Thirsk Police Court the other day, but there was no business, not even an application to sign. This is the kind of inertia we can look upon with favour. It seems to bring us a fraction nearer the day when police-court crime at any rate shall be no more.

Good for the Kiddies.

We can agree with Lord Eustace Percy that the influence of the natural conditions of the countryside is of enormous value to children living in the utterly monotonous parts of London. The Children's Country Holidays Fund enabled 27,000 children to have a country holiday in 1926. We should like to see that number trebled this year.

Outdoor School.

How could a bandstand when not required for musical purposes be better used than as an outdoor school for delicate children? This has been done in Brockwell Park, Herne Hill, where a class is held from the L.C.C. Walnut Tree Walk School. What a boon to mothers of weakly children if the idea of open-air classes were extended.

Lordly Look.

Taking a look at youth on his eighty-fourth birthday, the Marquess of Lincolnshire finds that they are as good or even better than the young people of his youth. Such a statement by a man who has spent a long life in the service of the State is a weighty one. It gives the lie to yapping Jeremiahs. We are not going to the dogs.

The Best Way.

"I've been getting slack and the hard work will do me good," declared Malcolm Lowry, a seventeen-year-old youth, of Birkenhead, who is forsaking a comfortable home to travel to Shanghai as a seaman on £2 10s. a month. This is the lad who, meaning to put something into life, is likely to get the best out of it in the long run.

Biter Bit.

We can hardly imagine a meaner trick than that played by Samuel Lawton, an ice-cream vendor, of Northampton, who got a sovereign out of an eleven-year-old boy by telling him it was a French coin and buying it for 3d. We are glad that he got as good as he gave, and by reason of a £2 fine his purchase cost him more than double its worth.

British Grit.

Three and twenty years ago a Wrexham lad, Joseph Haft, sailed as a steerage passenger from Liverpool to New York. Now he is back in England once more—a millionaire! British grit has brought him his fortune. In New York he had to start as a manual worker with a furniture dealer, but given a fair chance British lads make good with the best.

Caustic Comment.

At an enquiry held at Ammanford on a poor six-year-old child it was alleged that Dr. Kelman Smith had refused to get out of his bed to attend the suffering bairn, and that he had said he "wouldn't be the doctor for the Welsh miners for £5,000 a year." The coroner's comment that it is unfortunate some men belong to an honourable profession is one with which we agree.

A Near Thing.

Two minutes after a passer-by called out some children from playing in a disused pickle factory at Thistle Green, Stockton, the remains of the first floor and upper walls collapsed. The building is the centre of a block of property, due, says the Corporation, for demolition. We claim the time is now overdue and plead for prompt action.

Rent Plunder.

Not a few of Huddersfield's poor are compelled to pay as much as 15s. per week for such home comforts as can be found in a single room which contains only a chair and a table. In exposing the plunder and ramp, Miss Irving has rendered a real service to a class which, between elections, has no power to save itself.

Bad Meat.

For offering dropsical and tuberculous meat for sale; meat such as a butcher's errand-boy must have known was diseased, declared the Medical Officer of Health, George Walker, butcher, of Northgate, was fined £60 at Halifax. Although it was urged there was carelessness, not intention, we must agree with the magistrate that the case was a serious one and merited the penalty imposed.

Young Offenders.

The Chief Constable of Leeds regrets that parents do not exercise more control over their children, in some cases allowing them to bring stolen goods into the house without enquiry. Where, we ask, is morality to be learnt if not in the home? Parents should take heed lest, as the report says, "juvenile offenders of to-day become the criminals of to-morrow."

Taught by Gas.

Leigh Town Council has hit on a happy idea of absorbing its gas profits in giving twenty-four children four years' education at a secondary school. "We have a strong feeling that something should be done for the smarter children of the working class," says Alderman Grundy. We congratulate him and the organisers of the gas department on being able to light both the educational and the domestic lamp at the same time.

Dodge who Didn't.

Few people would willingly jump into a 20-ft. deep vat of liquid ammonia and tar, yet this terrible feat was undertaken by John Dodge, of Edmonton, when a fellow-worker fell into such a death-trap at Mitcham Gasworks. He suffered horribly, but he managed to effect a rescue. The certificate of the Carnegie Hero Fund and Royal Humane Society's medal are a small token of the nation's thanks.

The Human Machine

Share It!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IT is always the man who knows least who is least willing to share what little knowledge he has.

That "little learning" which is such a dangerous thing seems to engender a mental priggishness which floats its owner along on a self-blown bubble of annoying superiority.

The man who knows a little kids himself that he knows it all. He tries to kid others into the same belief, but he rarely succeeds.

All he does is to make himself ridiculous and ride for a speedy fall.

The man who really does know a lot is always willing to share his knowledge with others. He is always ready to lend a helping hand, and to show others how to get over difficulties.

Back of his mind is the realisation that everyone has something to teach everyone else, and despite the fact that he knows a lot he is always anxious to learn some more.

THERE is no better way of learning than by teaching. It is only then that the real difficulties are seen and appreciated.

Don't be miserly with your knowledge. Somebody taught you—teach someone else.

Give a helping hand whenever you are asked. You will benefit yourself as much as anyone.

It is a profound truth that selfishness is a dead loss while generosity is an asset that pays rich dividends.

The Greater Honour.

Mothers' memories are long. Through them, quite recently, a heavy wreath was taken out on the s.s. *Stella D'Italia*, and British and Italian men and women launched it on to the blue waters of the Mediterranean in memory of those buried at sea. If in the solemn toll of the ship's bell there went up a vow that women everywhere would join to rid the world of war that was the best wreath of all.

Title No Protection.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, if they sin the law should not discriminate. That is why we cordially approve the action of Bolton magistrates in fining Roger Braddyll Hulton, son of Sir William Hulton, of Chequerbent, and Thomas Marsden Deane, of Church Lane, Bolton, both £10 for indulging in the beastly sport of cock-fighting. The higher the station in life the better the example should be.

British Made.

British engines, be they steam or internal combustion, for land or sea, are the world's best. In 1882 the Gladstone loco steamed on to the main line of the old L.B. and S.C. Railway. She has been in use ever since and has now gone into retirement after drawing trains 1,346,918 miles. So steady was she that a glass of water could be put on any part of the engine when running and not a drop would be spilt. She is a credit to the honest British workmen who built and ran her.

Real Neighbourliness.

Leighton Buzzard allotment-holders have the right spirit. When two plots remained undug they enquired the reason and found one belonged to a poor widow left with kiddies and the other to a man who had been ill. They fetched their spades and plodding away until midnight brought both bits of ground into line. "This is the sort of spirit," says the correspondent who sends the story, "that JOHN BULL advocates, the sort that would transform the world." Just so!

A Sad Mishap.

Dr. Reubens Wade made a mistake in St. Bartholomew's Hospital which cost Mrs. Waghorn, of Barnet, her life. At the inquest the doctor took the blame upon himself and acted like a man. Nobody is more grieved than he about this mistake in using carbon dioxide instead of nitrous oxide gas, and the hospital authorities should at once act on his suggestion that the poison gas cylinders should be green up to the top and a different tap should be provided.

Didn't Dread Enough.

Man-hunting has its humours as well as its pathetic side. After a chase through the streets of Hull, when sentence of three months' imprisonment was passed on Harry Stewart, a youth of twenty, for breaking into a shop, he declared that he "ran because he had a dread of Hull Prison." Happily, he is likely to come out again at no very distant date, and by that time he may have learned how to keep out. Honesty is the only way, and we hope he will take it.

Where is Decency?

Mr. George Freeman, of Palmer Street, Weston-super-Mare, is indignant, and rightly so. An unemployed man in his neighbourhood, seeing an advertisement for a male servant for an hotel in Minehead, set out to walk the thirty-five miles to see the proprietor. On presenting himself he was told he could not be seen and had "better walk back again as quickly as he liked." Not a bite, nor a sup, or even civility! The name of that advertiser ought to be known and pilloried.

Danger Averted.

If "mixed marriage" is a risk it is doubly so when the contracting parties are too young to appreciate the fact. Wellingborough magistrates showed their sense when, although the girl's parents approved, they refused the application of a nineteen-year-old Chinese to marry a local child of sixteen. "We think such a marriage as this would not be desirable" was their verdict, and if the Chinese father could have been asked, we feel sure he would have agreed.

Farmer's Mistake.

The Ministry of Agriculture, prosecuting John Moreton, Moss Farm, Winnington, has forced him to pay six workmen a total of £147, which he had underpaid them during the past two years, with a fine of £6 and costs. Moreton's defence was that concessions in milk, produce and wages during sickness far exceeded the minimum wage; but it must be remembered that wages and gifts are two different things. That which is lawfully earned cannot be paid in gifts, however generous.

Smart Call-boy.

When he found a dressing-room on fire at the Garrick Theatre, call-boy A. Smith promptly shut the door, summoned the fire brigade, remembered Miss Margaret Swallow was occupying her room near, managed to get to it by a roundabout way, helped her to safety and warned other members of the cast. We congratulate young Smith on his performance as lead in a little drama which, with the help of the fire brigade, was brought to a happy ending.

Kicked when Down.

At Motherwell, Glasgow, a prisoner was placed upon probation. When, at the expiration of the term, he reappeared before the court, it was stated that though he had behaved well his employer had dismissed him the week after the trial. We agree with the magistrate that such action was derogatory to the community, since it might well have driven the probationer into further crime. We would add on our own that a master who could descend to such conduct must be flint-hearted indeed.

Widows' Paradise.

Behind the big Parcels Office in Farringdon Road, King's Cross, is a thirty-roomed house, tenanted by thirty women, some over eighty, who pay a modest rent of 2s. 9d. per week. Some support themselves, on others the relieving officer calls weekly with funds. "How different," says one old lady, "from the days when they used to throw you a loaf, a shilling and a packet of insults." And what a happy alternative to the workhouse is this "widows' paradise," the like of which we could wish to see often repeated.

Good Pals All.

"I want to thank you very much," said Dr. Cohen, the Enfield coroner, to young James Hyde, at the inquest on his chum, Ernest William Frederick Hobourn, who met his death by drowning. When the latter fell into a pond on Clay Hill, Hyde went to his rescue though he could not swim, and he too would have been drowned but for the efforts of a four-footed friend, a mongrel terrier, who towed him to the bank. He tried his best, and no greater thing of any man can be said than that.

Wonderful Woman.

Trouble affects different men in varying ways. Thomas P. Jones, a Customs and Excise officer, worried by moneylenders and bailiffs, gave way to drink and struck his wife on the head with a hammer. When charged at Wealdstone, it was stated that he had experienced three bad air crashes during the war. His wife was in a forgiving mood—a way women have—and the Bench bound Jones over. His creditors are to be satisfied, and we wish the couple a return of the happiness that was theirs before the evil days came upon them.

On his Honour.

When a fifteen-year-old boy, a month ago, at Marylebone Police Court, pleaded guilty to stealing chocolates from a confectioner's van, he was ordered to be sent to a reformatory school until he reached the age of nineteen. Neighbours at once prepared a memorial of protest, as many as 150 signing it in one day. As a result the lad is now placed under the care of a probation officer to live where the latter may direct. A boy mustn't be turned into a criminal for life because he succumbs to the temptation of chocolate. The instinct of his neighbours was right, and now he must live up to it.

Cruel Trick.

Three young men posing as travellers obtained board and lodging with a Willesden couple. The husband was out of work, and in order to look after the lodgers the wife threw up her work. Both denied themselves to feed their guests who, at the end of the week, absconded without paying. This type of offence is particularly cruel, and an example should be made of its exponents.

Davington Again.

We have received more complaints in regard to the methods of Walter Davington, Turf accountant, of Leicester Square, W.C. He repeatedly defaults on winning bets and ignores complaints. Those aggrieved who call at his office never find him in. Davington is a name adopted for the business and covers the identity of Warren Taverner Taylor, of Inverness Terrace, Bayswater. He is not a good man with whom to have a bet.

After the Shillings.

A man who calls himself T. B. Gaskoin or Butler Gaskoine has been going up and down the country lecturing on murders and scandals of missing boys and girls. At the end of his lecture he collects shillings for a book he is supposed to have written, purchasers receiving in exchange a slip to post to an address in St. Mary Street, Bridgwater. They never receive the book or hear anything further of their shillings. This man claims to have written an article in JOHN BULL. He has not.

Advertising Adventurer.

Recently a man has been canvassing for advertisements to be displayed at various stations. He draws a part of the sum agreed upon and nothing further is heard of him or the advertisement. He represents that he is an agent for Paxton's Publicity Railway Advertising Department, of Southampton House, High Holborn, W.C. No such firm exists at that address, nor is it to be found among those registered at Somerset House.

Dennis the Fee-snatcher.

A five-bedroomed house with two reception rooms, etc., to let at £52 a year, was recently advertised, and must have attracted a large number of applicants. All these were required to forward a registration fee of a guinea to The Housing Association, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus. This is to be followed by further payments of £2 2s. or £4 4s. if the firm find a house—and refund is promised if they do not. This firm is being operated by J. A. Dennis, whose activities in other spheres have been exposed by us.

Bloodsuckers.

The stricture passed by Judge T. B. Leigh, at Manchester, upon Messrs. Crawte, Pearson and Co., of Cheapside, London, who describe themselves as claim assessors, was well merited. They are simply touts, whose aim it is to extort money from the ignorant and poor in connection with compensation claims. In the case in question they induced Mrs. Goodier to sign a form suggesting that they had advanced her £15, a deliberate lie. Their application for payment was disallowed, and we trust His Honour will see his way to have this impudent proceeding investigated elsewhere.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Registered Readers of "JOHN BULL" should particularly note that they are qualified for the benefits of our GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT only so long as their Registration is in force, and they receive an uninterrupted weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL."

If you have allowed your Registration to lapse, or changed your address or newsagent, fill in the Forms on Page 2 at once, and feel secure once more.

It would be a tragedy to suffer misfortune, and then find that you are not qualified for the benefits.

Turn to Page 2, AND DO IT NOW.

Problems of Life

Mr. Great Heart

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A FORTNIGHT ago I enjoyed a chat with a noted philanthropist.

He is what is usually styled a self-made man—that is, he started in life poor, and without influence and has become rich and the head of more than one big business.

His Majesty the King

But, unlike many self-made men, he gives himself no airs on account of his success and exhibits no self-importance.

Two things he told me which I here set down. They are, I think, of unusual interest.

The first is that with increasing wealth he has not changed his habits.

"Luxury is abhorrent to me," he said; "I would rather have a kipper and dry bread for supper than the finest dinner you could order for me."

THE second piece of information was even more striking.

"The King has offered me a peerage," he stated with a smile.

"It was His Majesty's own idea and personal wish," he continued. "An eminent friend of the King came to see me and to say so."

"Well?" I asked.

"Well," he resumed still smiling. "Of course it made me very proud and happy to know that my Sovereign wished to honour me in this way; and I expressed my gratitude as well as I could, but declined to be ennobled. What would a simple old fellow like me do with a title? To be addressed as 'My lord' would make me feel a fool and look like one. I have always been of the people, and of the people I shall remain."

It is impossible not to respect a man like this. No outward distinction could add anything to the nobility that is already his, though it could easily detract therefrom.

The desire to get on and to rise in the world is a good thing in a young man, and should be encouraged.

But ambition should never take the form of despising old associations.

THE late Labour leader, James Keir Hardie, once told me that when he first began to take a part in public life he registered a solemn vow that he would never change his order; the friends of his youth should be the friends of his maturity. And he kept his word.

"I dwell among mine own people," said Mr. Lloyd George when he built himself a house at Criccieth. It is to his credit.

As a friend motored me through Bewdley the other day he waved his hand at some of the older inhabitants. "To every one of those folk," he said, "the Prime Minister is still just Master Stanley."

Simplicity of character conjoined to unpretentiousness and a kindly spirit is admirable in any man, old or young, rich or poor, known or unknown.

A SOLICITOR'S BLACK RECORD

MR. FIGUR'S SUBTRACTIONS

Poor Litigants Let Down

IN the natural order of things a solicitor is placed in a unique position of trust in regard to his clients. Defalcations by a solicitor are thus a much more serious matter than by a person in practically any other walk of life.

David Figur is one of those men who are a disgrace to a noble calling. He formerly practised at 164, Bishopsgate, London, and at Norway House, Cockspur Street, London.

He has been adjudged by a body of professional colleagues to have converted clients' funds to his own uses and grossly neglected to carry out his duty in their interests.

Not the least serious feature of his reprehensible conduct is the fact that many poor litigants are involved. Special provisions are made for the hearing of High Court actions in which the persons concerned are not in a position to pay the usual heavy fees.

Poor clients fleeced

These people make application to the Poor Persons Department of the Law Courts, and are referred to a number of solicitors, who act for them at greatly reduced rates.

Mr. Figur was one of the solicitors to whom a number of these cases were entrusted. During the last year or two there have been many complaints from these people that after they had paid Figur all they could afford—generally sums of from £5 to £10—their cases were disgracefully handled.

Many of these poor clients were applicants for divorce, who handed money to Figur and were kept waiting for months. When pressed, Figur made various excuses for delay, such as that their cases were not yet in the list.

The officials of the Poor Persons Department became concerned at the many complaints and on more than one occasion Figur was called upon for an explanation of his extraordinary and, to say the least, extremely dilatory conduct.

Figur has been in financial difficulties for some time and has sought relief by the manipulation of the funds of his more well-to-do clients, one of whom was the loser by something like £400.

Astounding excuse

About a year ago Mr. Linden, living in Tottenham Court Road, was desirous of purchasing certain property. He saw Figur and asked him to carry through the negotiations.

Mr. Linden arranged with his bankers to advance a substantial sum on mortgage and instructed Figur to draw up the necessary documents.

Figur stated that something like a thousand pounds would be required to complete the transaction. Of this the sum of £350 was included for legal charges and stamp duties. Mr. Linden accordingly handed Figur a cheque for £1,000.

The purchase was carried through and the key handed over to Mr. Linden by Figur, who stated that he would furnish the land certificate and documents of title at a later date.

The bank soon afterwards began to press for the deposit of the documents as security for their loan.

Figur then calmly explained that he had mislaid them, an astounding statement from a solicitor to his client.

As a matter of fact, the papers were never produced by Figur, who at a later date declared that a person who had been in his employ must have made away with them.

Mr. A. H. Coley, President of the Law Society

Excessive charges

Naturally, Mr. Linden was greatly alarmed at the manner in which Figur was mismanaging his affairs and consulted another firm of solicitors who, on his behalf, obtained a fresh set of documents which were deposited with the bank. Naturally this involved Mr. Linden in considerable further expense.

This was not Mr. Linden's only unfortunate experience of the methods of Figur. He had also commissioned him to recover a sum of nearly £40 owing by a certain debtor. The bulk of this money was duly collected by Figur, but was never received by Mr. Linden.

Repeated applications were made for this money, but they were all ignored.

These are only two typical instances of the many shady transactions in which Figur has figured with discredit to himself and his profession, and with great financial loss to his clients.

Even if he had carried out his work properly in regard to Mr. Linden's property deal, the charges made were grossly excessive. As a matter of fact, they were more than £200 above the solicitors' recognised scale, and as the work was not done amounted to sheer extortion and robbery.

As stated above, Figur has without doubt been in financial low water for some considerable time, and has been in the habit of dealing with his own and clients' monies as one fund. He appears to have had only one banking account into which has been paid indiscriminately his own and clients' cash.

Drastic punishment

This is a practice, of course, open to the gravest condemnation when adopted by a member of the legal profession.

It is, of course, a criminal offence of great gravity for a solicitor to convert to his own use sums of money entrusted to him by clients for the performance of specific objects.

The matter was brought to the attention of the Law Society, which recently had Figur before it, and conducted a thorough investigation into the affair, with the result that Figur has been struck off the roll of solicitors and cannot again act in that capacity.

This punishment may be drastic, but we suggest that it is not a bit too severe under the circumstances.

The Law Society has found him guilty of professional misconduct in wilfully misappropriating Mr. Linden's money, an offence for which others similarly found guilty by judge and jury have been sentenced to well-merited and long terms of imprisonment.

In another case Figur acted on behalf of a man whose wife brought an action against him for maintenance.

The justices at Hawarden Petty Sessions made an order, and, upon Figur's advice, an appeal was made to the High Court.

In cases of this kind it is necessary for the appellant to pay into court a sum of money as guarantee of costs to the other side in the event of the appeal failing.

Grave betrayal

In this instance the sum was £50, but it was not paid in.

Figur promised to be personally responsible for it if his client lost the day.

Figur's client did lose the day, and then the other solicitor lost a lot of valuable time in trying to induce Figur to honour his promise.

A writ was issued and Figur made a request that proceedings should be stayed as he had had a robbery at his office, his signature had been forged, and two bankruptcy petitions were pending against him.

An arrangement was come to, but again Figur did not carry out his promise to liquidate the debt, and judgment was obtained against him before he paid the money.

Several other poor people are in the same boat.

The public will no doubt consider that the mere withdrawal of his professional status is not an adequate punishment for Figur's great betrayal of his position as an officer of the High Court of Justice.

Hope for the Bald!

The Magnetic Comb

THERE has recently appeared a series of advertisements in various newspapers making wonderful claims for "Dr. May's Magnetic Comb."

This, it is stated, cures baldness, dandruff, straight or lank hair and hair weakness. It is described as entirely harmless and "can be used on baby."

Judging from the harsh appearance of the metal teeth, however, we should not advise any mothers to take this too literally.

It also claims to greatly assist in curing headache and neuritis. And all this can be obtained for the modest outlay of five shillings.

This expenditure entitles the buyer to what is described as a free gift of a pocket-comb, which, however, is not of the variety to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Magnetic secret

We have just become possessed of one of "Dr. May's 74 double pole magnetic combs," to give it the dignity of its full title.

Scientific tests fail to provide the slightest trace of any magnetic action—perhaps the real magnetism is in regard to the dollars of the credulous.

The comb is made of steel, with double teeth of bent wire with a space between the two sides.

Without any claims to the possession of marvellous properties, this type of comb had a big sale some years ago, the ordinary retail price being sixpence. The magnetic comb at five shillings a time must show quite a handsome rate of profit.

The "free pocket-comb" should really be tried on the dog. It is of a class never intended for human use, being a dog comb of the cheapest quality made with rough cut wire teeth.

The sole distributors of this precious article for the United Kingdom are, according to the advertisements, D. R. Cole and Co., of Buckingham Street, Strand.

We looked up these headquarters and found that they consisted of an office where a small staff is employed to assist in combing in the dollars—without the aid of any magnetism.

What the comb does

A Weston-super-Mare reader complains that she and her friends have tried the comb, which "does nothing but comb one's hair, which any twopence-halfpenny comb will do."

Letters of complaint to the firm have been ignored.

We find that the National Vigilance Association has issued a warning in connection with these combs.

Readers who see the advertisement would be well advised to ignore its extravagant claims, and pin their faith on the common or garden comb with a considerable saving to their pockets.

Universal cure-alls, whether they be combs or anything else, should always be given an exceedingly wide berth.

A CRUEL MARRIAGE SCANDAL

INNOCENT CHILD WRONGED

Heartbreaking Bumbles

DURING the war many of the laws of this country affecting the rights and liberties of its people were superseded by powers then vested in His Majesty's Ministers.

Many hardships were inflicted ruthlessly on innocent people. The harsh effects of many war-time measures are still felt, as is illustrated by the following poignant case.

In 1911 a youth of seventeen, a member of the persecuted Armenian race, came from Marseilles to Liverpool. His name was Oglie Davurish. He obtained employment with a firm of sugar-refiners, remaining in its service fourteen years. He bears an excellent character.

Forbidden marriage

While still a boy and a stranger in a strange land, Davurish met a girl named Gertrude Corrin, a native of the Isle of Man. Her father had been killed at his work at the Liverpool docks many years before, and her mother also died while she was very young.

A deep attachment was formed between Davurish and Gertrude Corrin, and in 1915 they decided to marry. The banns were duly published at the Brownlow Hill Register Office at Liverpool.

At the end of the third week, when they appeared before the Registrar to be made man and wife, that gentleman handed them a letter from the Home Secretary (then Mr. Winston Churchill) forbidding their marriage because the man, although an Armenian, was born within the kingdom of Turkey, with which country Great Britain was then at war.

It is of particular interest to note here that while this injustice was being perpetrated in England, thousands of pounds of the British taxpayers' money were being spent in harbouring Armenians.

At the same time, regiments of Armenians were being enrolled to fight for us against Turkey.

Forced to dispense with the formality of a legal marriage contract, the young lovers drifted into deeper intimacy. Two years later a baby girl was born.

She was named Gertrude Corrin, after her mother. She grew up a strong, healthy, beautiful child, cared for and loved by both her parents.

They did not get married when the war came to an end. The Home Secretary did not inform them that the barrier had been removed.

In any case, marriage at that time would not have removed the stigma of illegitimacy from Gertrude.

The circumstances were altered by the Legitimacy Act of 1926, and the parents decided to legalise their union.

But before this happy ending to a sad story could be achieved, tragedy overtook them.

Tragic separation

The mother became seriously ill and the child in consequence was often absent from school. On September 18 last the mother was dragged from her bed to the police court, summoned there by the local education authority.

In addition to being weak and ill she was deaf and unable to hear all that was said. She had no opportunity to seek legal advice or the help of her relatives.

On the representations of the school attendance officer, her child was taken from her and sent to an industrial school, ordered to be detained there until she is sixteen.

Both child and mother were broken-hearted at the separation. The mother is allowed to visit her child only once in two months.

Industrial schools were established and exist primarily for destitute and criminal children and the children of criminals.

Studied insult

This child, who for nine years had been well nourished, properly clothed and cared for, the sole object of the love and solicitude of her parents, had none of these qualifications.

It is a travesty of justice and a mockery of humanity that has condemned her to seven years' servitude in such an environment, separated from her mother, a mother who lives only for her child.

This is not the end of the story. On December 11 last, Gertrude Corrin and Davurish were married at the same register office where, twelve years previously, their marriage had been forbidden.

By the Legitimacy Act of 1926 this child became the legal daughter of Davurish. Yet on January 14 of this year, Davurish was summoned at Liverpool Police Court and ordered to contribute to the maintenance of his "step"-daughter, Gertrude Corrin!

Rather than admit that there were now no possible grounds for the detention of this child, the authorities flagrantly ignored her legitimacy in order to keep her from her parents.

They ignore the fact that her legal name is now Gertrude Davurish and persist in describing her as Gertrude Corrin on the receipts for the money

Gertrude Davurish

which her father has to pay for her maintenance.

In February last Mrs. Davurish appealed to the Home Secretary for the release of her daughter. She was informed that he could find no grounds for any action on his part.

We will furnish the Home Secretary with reasons.

But for the child's illegitimacy she could not have been sentenced to detention in an industrial institution for the crime of being absent from an elementary school. But for the blunder of the Home Office in 1915, she would not have been illegitimate.

To-day, thanks to the great social reform effected by the Legitimacy Act, this innocent child no longer suffers the stigma cast upon her so unnecessarily.

There are to-day, therefore, no justifiable grounds of law, morality or expediency for her maintenance by the State in separation from her father and mother.

We demand in the names of justice and humanity that Gertrude Davurish shall be restored to her parents.

DELMER THE DODGER

SKIN DEALER SKINS CREDITORS

A LADY with a variety of names has proved that there is quite a lot of money in the skin and fur trade. Her method, however, cannot be recommended.

Originally christened Beatrice Josephine Kingman Lucas, she has sailed under many other titles and has a financial record which fortunately is very rarely equalled, especially by one of her sex.

Some years ago this woman financial genius started business in the *aliases* of "Delmer Price" and "W. W. Watson" as a skin and fur dealer.

At different times her headquarters were at offices in New Cross Road, Oxford Street, and Red Lion Street, City.

Cool request

She advertised extensively that she was prepared to purchase skins from people in a small way of business. Once goods were despatched to her, some of the sellers found it was a matter of extreme difficulty to collect their accounts.

One farmer in Northants sent her a consignment of skins when she was busy at the New Cross address as Delmer Price. In return he received an acknowledgment and the request "Please let us have all your skins and recommend us all you can."

Cause of delay

Payment was not forthcoming, and when he became insistent this farmer received a circular letter stating, "You will be sorry to hear I had another attack of my old illness" during which time "the person I left in charge did not act straight."

The letter went on to express regret that under these circumstances she was not in a position to pay at the moment for past consignments but asked him to supply further skins, of course on credit.

Many other people had the same sort of experience, and under the circumstances it was not surprising that this enterprising lady a year or so ago found herself in the Bankruptcy Court, with liabilities reaching the very substantial sum of £6,537.

Meagre assets

After the tedious process of liquidation, this lady's creditors had the satisfaction of knowing that Delmer's estate had produced the magnificent sum of £2 8s.

Even after coming this cropper, the lady made no effort to mend her ways.

She hit on the ingenious plan of getting in touch with the woman caretaker of an office in Oxford Street, and for a consideration induced her to allow the address to be used for the reception of parcels.

She had a large number of circulars printed in a name which, while not the caretaker's, was something very near it, asking for consignments.

To make this appeal more likely to succeed, the names of two well-known firms were given as references —of course without the formality of getting their permission.

One of the persons who received one of these circulars had the good sense to cause enquiries to be made by a trade protection society, which discovered the true state of affairs and reported the matter to the police, with the result that Beatrice Josephine Kingman Lucas, *alias* W. W. Watson, *alias* Delmer Price, *alias* Mrs. Brimble, was charged with obtaining and attempting to obtain skins by false pretences.

Lucky let-off

She was found guilty and *bound over*, a lucky get-out in view of her record.

This lady last week wandered into the Bankruptcy Court and asked for her discharge.

The Registrar suspended it for two years.

Our readers will agree that the longer this woman is prevented from carrying on any business the better.

A VERSATILE DIDDLER

PEPPER POPS UP

Something to Sneeze At

THERE is always the opportunity for the teller of plausible tales to spin his yarns. Unfortunately, too, there are generally foolish listeners. These make the game a profitable one

PEOPLE who place any value on the money in their pockets might well be on their guard against a tall, fair, good-looking man, of about thirty-three years of age, with a frank and engaging air, who has proved a source of financial loss to not a few people.

He was recently known as H. H. Howard and operated as Howard and Co., hotel brokers, estate and insurance agents, assessors and auctioneers, of Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate, and Princeton Street, Red Lion Square, W.C.

Last week there came into our office one of the victims of this concern. In a London newspaper he saw the following advertisement:

"Wholesale merchants and distributors require managers for London. £50 capital; good salary and part profits. Commence at once."

The blunt truth

The applicant—one of many dealt with similarly—was invited to call at the Princeton Street office, where he saw Howard, who took him to an hotel to discuss the project.

Howard declared that he was a wine and spirit merchant, and it was his intention to open a farm and produce department. At the moment he was short of ready cash and required a partner to act as London manager.

The applicant said he would think over the matter and another interview was arranged at which Howard invited his caller to go with him to a hotel in the vicinity for a little refreshment.

Over drinks, Howard produced a number of share certificates to show his genuineness, but his companion very foolishly did not examine them. By this time Howard's apparent frankness and honesty of purpose had completely taken him in.

The prospective "London manager" produced his cheque-book and Howard asked him to make out a cheque for £50, payable to "H. H. Howard" personally. He did so on the understanding that he was to receive £4 a week by way of salary, together with a third share of the profits, in return for the "partnership."

Unblushing audacity

Howard, after the cheque had changed hands, produced from his pocket an agreement which provided for the partnership being entered into on the terms arranged.

The new partner was highly pleased—for the time—with his bargain.

This agreement was subject to cancellation by a month's notice, when the £50 would be returned. The new partner attended at the Princeton Street office for three or four weeks, and found that he had no work to do.

At the end of that time he gave notice to end the agreement, but has not had the £50 back.

Since then letters, telegrams and threats from lawyers have been sent to Howard without avail. Howard replied to all and even made an appointment with the solicitors which he did not keep.

All his letters promised payment and the following extracts are typical examples of his plausibility:

Fred Pepper

"I was more than sorry to disappoint you on Wednesday, but promises made to me were not fulfilled and I was helpless. Payment is being made on Monday next without fail direct to your solicitors."

"Sorry I did not get back to London in time to do as I promised to-day. I have been to Cambridge and have to get back there first train in morning. If I cannot post it you to-morrow will put it in post Monday morning first post."

"I am sorry not to be able to send it along to-day, but I have made definite arrangements for a payment to be made to me on Tuesday, and will let you have yours by first post."

"Sorry was unable to send any cash yesterday. Have got settled with some and now find it too late to register a letter so will send it by registered post to-morrow."

Many irons in the fire

Howard on one occasion got into contact with a woman who had a small amount of ready money.

She became extremely fond of him, and so apparently was he of her. But his infatuation lasted exactly the length of time it took to go through this poor woman's money.

Howard's real name is Fred Pepper, and he has been the organiser of "The West End Catering Company," "The Wholesale Agricultural Supplies Company," "Jarvis and Co.," "Bell and Pepper," "Pepper's Enquiry Service," "The Covent Garden Club" and "The Long Acre Club," in most of which he imposed upon people.

Once he got a well-merited term of imprisonment. On this occasion he took a man into his so-called "business" of the "Long Acre Club" and, by all kinds of promises, succeeded in obtaining from him a sum of money by false pretences.

The victim prosecuted Howard, who was then operating in the name of Pepper, and he was sentenced to nine months.

He is well known to the police and, in view of his latest activities, should once again engage their attention.

A BRUTE'S TWO WIVES

SCAMP'S HEARTLESS TREATMENT

What "John Bull" Intends to Do

TO gain the love of women and play the villain by deserting them is a despicable crime. When children are also involved, the severest punishment the law allows is richly deserved

TWO young women, both living in different parts of Yorkshire, are in terrible distress through the callous conduct of a heartless wretch by whom they have been terribly wronged.

One of the victims lives in Park Place, Darlington, and her story is a tragic and heartrending one. She had always lived with her mother, who carried on a small lodging-house, until some four years ago, when the mother died.

The daughter decided to carry on this business, both in order to keep open a home for the decent people then living in the house, and to provide for her own maintenance.

A wily pleader

There were then three lodgers in the house and the young woman was getting along in a comfortable manner when a fourth lodger was taken in who was destined to wreck her life.

This was Albert Robson, a foreman in the employ of the local corporation, who immediately proceeded to make himself exceedingly agreeable. He made love to the lonely woman, who fell a victim to his wiles and agreed to become his wife.

Robson soon stood revealed in his true colours. At the end of the first week of married life he threw up or lost his job.

In view of the approaching marriage two of the lodgers had been given notice, as their rooms would be required, and the newly wedded pair were very soon in financial difficulties.

Robson gave the poor woman sums of three or four shillings a week out of his "unemployment dole" on which to keep house, pay the rent and feed a lazy husband. Gradually the home left to her by her mother was sold by the wife.

Weary waiting

This sort of thing went on for a month or two and then Robson left the district on the ostensible plea of seeking work elsewhere. He declared that he did not quite know where he was going, but promised to write.

The poor wife, now up to her eyes in debt, waited wearily from day to day for the letter which never came. Then one day she received a postcard, from the postmark of which she learned that he was at Killingholme, where his mother lives.

Robson showed himself utterly indifferent to the fate of his wife, who, as she received no money from him, on the advice of a solicitor instituted proceedings for desertion, and the case came on less than six months after the marriage.

In reply to the charge Robson said he had got work at Killingholme and expressed his willingness to do the right thing by his wife if she would go there to live with him. The summons was dismissed on this undertaking.

But promises mean nothing to a man of Robson's calibre, and having got out of a tight hole he promptly forgot the claims of his innocent wife.

Dramatic meeting

He never sent for her to join him, and when the distracted woman sent letters to him at his mother's house at Killingholme they were returned marked "Gone—no address."

Time went on and the weeks passed into months and the months into years without any news of the rascally husband, until finally Mrs. Robson wrote to JOHN BULL.

By this time she had been forced to seek assistance from the parish, only to have it refused on the ground that she had no children—which was something to be thankful for in the circumstances.

We investigated the case and, on March 1 last, advised her to write to the Chief Constable under whose jurisdiction Killingholme is, asking him to seek out Robson with a view to him being brought to book.

Within three weeks of following the advice tendered by JOHN BULL, Mrs. Robson was face to face with her husband.

Terrible plight

It was a dramatic meeting, for he was in the dock charged with bigamy!

The second victim to whom he made love, a young and unsuspecting single woman, was as cruelly deceived as the legal wife. She had no suspicion that he was a married man and was struck with horror when the dreadful truth was revealed to her by the police.

Her plight is all the more terrible as she is the mother of two innocent illegitimate children of whom Robson is the father. He is undergoing a sentence for committing bigamy.

But this, if anything, only makes the position of his poor dupes worse.

These two women and two little children, illegitimate, although their mother thought they were born in wedlock, are left stranded.

The lawful wife will have to wait until he comes out of jail before she can force him to do anything towards her support. The second woman has no claim except that through the courts she can force him to keep the children.

Mrs. Robson has, of course, ample grounds for divorce, but as she is a staunch Roman Catholic, she is debarred by her faith from seeking release by that means.

When Robson is again at liberty we shall do our best to see that he is forced to make all the reparation possible to the two women he has so cruelly and shockingly wronged.

FAMOUS ARTISTS' MYSTERY

SPURIOUS PICTURES BY THE SCORE

Aiding the Mug-catcher

THE faking of pictures, alleged to be the work of famous artists, is about as old an art as that of painting itself.

It has been the invariable rule of the forgers, however, to mark down as their victims people of wealth who can afford to pay large sums for the acquisition of masterpieces.

Recently there has come into being an entirely new method of disposing of trashy artistic works.

These are sold at a price within the reach of poor people whose knowledge of art is confined to the mere names of the great painters of the past and present.

What isn't known

These people have a very laudable desire to possess real works of art for themselves, but their knowledge is so limited that they could not tell a Gainsborough from a Turner or a Rubens from an Augustus John.

They visit some picture-dealer in the suburbs or the provinces as the case may be. They see a picture for sale bearing the signature of Constable, Rembrandt or some other famous artist.

The price charged is perhaps only £5. The money is paid over and the would-be art collectors carry home their prize, well pleased with their "bargain."

It does not occur to them that if the pictures were genuine they would fetch something nearer £5,000, a fact which the dealer very well knows.

We have been able to trace one channel through which these pictures find their way from the "faking factories" to the public.

A few days ago we became interested in the catalogue for a sale of works of art in which mention was made of "the most esteemed artists of the old and modern schools."

The catalogue was issued by W. and F. C. Bonham and Sons, New Burlington Street, London, W., and contained details of no fewer than 150 pictures, the majority of which came under the names of artists who, in their day, achieved fame in varying degrees.

Had these 150 pictures all been genuine, the sale would have been attended by the most notable art experts of the two hemispheres. The total realised would have amounted to a fortune.

As it happened, the sale, which we attended, fetched something in the neighbourhood of £250 and the bidding was far from brisk.

We make it quite clear that the auctioneers, Messrs. Bonham and Sons, did not sell them as genuine works of art. Each page of the catalogue containing the detailed lots bore the inscription "by or attributed to."

Ironical bidding

When, therefore, we find under the name of the immortal J. M. W. Turner, R.A., "Lot 612, Oil painting, River scene, Boats, etc.," we must not presume that the picture is *by* Turner, but that it is merely *attributed* to him. So with almost every other canvas in the catalogue.

Did Messrs. Bonham honestly believe, when they undertook the sale of the pictures, that there were reasonable grounds for "attributing" them to the artists whose names they bore?

If so, it is more than can be said of most of the dealers who attended the sale. These gentlemen were under no illusions. They knew the pictures were faked and bought them as such.

The sale itself, which was not without its amusing side, would have made any assembly of genuine art-dealers roar with laughter. For example, the auctioneer offered a "View in the Highlands," under the name of J. MacWhirter, R.A.

A genuine MacWhirter would fetch quite a nice little sum.

The present canvas, after an ironical bid of 2s. by a person who, apparently, set the value on the frame, went for 25s.!

Cheap masters

Then came a set of four figure studies under the name of Burne Jones, which went for 28s.

When the picture attributed to Turner came up a starting bid of 8s. was offered. The man with the hammer told the bidder not to be absurd, but, none the less, knocked it down for 17s.!

A "fine speculative" landscape under the name of Corot, the famous French artist, brought 38s., a set of eight water-colours by, or attributed to, Sir Alfred East, A.R.A., 23s., although mounted in two frames, and a "nice little picture" by, or attributed to, Constable, £1 4s.

Masters of the earlier periods fared no better.

An alleged Murillo went for a song, and so did a Rembrandt and an Andrea del Sarto.

The most remarkable fact about this sale is that in hardly a single instance did the canvases "attributed to" the famous masters bear the faintest resemblance to a genuine masterpiece.

Where did they come from? We suggest that the artists by whom they were actually painted were crude amateurs who had no intention of foisting spurious pictures on the public.

After they left their hands some bright person painted on the signatures of various artists whose style was faintly imitated.

Mr. Samuel Wallrock, President of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers' and Landed Property Agents

Again we ask, Did the auctioneers believe them to be masterpieces? If so, why did they part with them for such ridiculous prices?

The dealers who bought them were obviously sceptical as to their authenticity.

Some of these gentlemen, in fact, apparently paid their money for the frames, which were often of more value than the canvases they contained.

Sells for simpletons

But what guarantee have Messrs. Bonham that many of these pictures which they distribute from their sale-rooms, bearing as they do the signatures of the famous artists, will not ultimately be foisted on simpletons for sums far in excess of their real value?

We do not suggest for a moment that Messrs. Bonham would be party to such misrepresentation, but we do suggest that they can give no such guarantee.

Meanwhile, the matter is one which the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers might well investigate.

A Fickle Fortune-finder

Argentine "Opportunities"

MR. FRANK MARRIOTT of Amesbury-Avenue, Streatham, is anxious to fill the rôle of guide, philosopher and friend to all and sundry who are willing to make a fortune.

Marriott's appeal is specially directed to the unemployed and "those desiring an outdoor life."

An applicant who called on Marriott in response to the advertisement found that he was willing to impart his valuable knowledge and give advice regarding openings in the Argentine for the modest sum of five shillings.

All the so-called information is of a general character and nothing is done by Marriott in the way of providing a job.

Employment easy

He expresses his conviction, however, that a young man would "have no difficulty in getting work on a large farm, although he must be prepared to take any sort of work that comes along."

A year ago Mr. Marriott was in the Argentine himself, and if it is such a land of milk and honey it is difficult to understand why he returned to the more prosaic surroundings of Streatham.

Waiting for the spring

While out there he advertised that he was prepared to furnish "opportunities" for a grand outdoor life for the small sum of 2s. 6d. sent to his address at Buenos Ayres.

A correspondent who sent this amount received a letter that it was then winter in the Argentine, but when the spring came Marriott would fix him up. In the meantime, it would be necessary to learn Spanish. No further communications ever arrived.

Out-of-works will get little help from Marriott.

"Free" at a Price

The Tale of a Snap

HOUSEWIVES in North London are being favoured with the unwelcome attentions of a smartly dressed young gentleman who gives the name of Mr. John Savery, Stoke Newington Road, London, N.

His opening move proclaims at once the whole ancient gambit.

"We are opening a new branch establishment of our photographic business in the neighbourhood and, by way of an advertisement, we are making a present of a free enlargement to a few selected residents."

You don't want a free enlargement? That is quite beside the point.

Favoured by fortune

You haven't got a snap to be enlarged? Well you won't get rid of Mr. Savery until you find one.

Two or three days later Mr. Savery returns. How fortunate madam is! The snap has enlarged beautifully, but how nice it would look finished off in colours.

But, of course, madam would like to see how well the photograph had enlarged.

The last ditch

It is unfinished, naturally, a mere ghost of the finished product which Mr. Savery will be pleased to transform into a magnificent oil painting for ten guineas.

Madam does not wish to pay so much perhaps? It will look almost as well finished in water-colours. That would cost her only five guineas.

Too much? Well, it can be touched up in black and white for a trifle of two guineas.

Thus he comes to his last ditch. He has gone to a lot of trouble and expense in producing the bare "free" enlargement. Would madam be kind enough to give him a trifle as it stands? Even half-a-crown he will deign to accept.

"Madam" should sternly refuse to give him a single halfpenny.

A2

What
THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD
asks you to do

THE BOARD'S appeal to you is simple. It invites you, in your daily shopping, to demand first the produce of your own country. The fields and farms of home are none the less a part of Empire because they are near and familiar; and "Empire" buying begins at home.

The Board invites you next to ask for the produce of the Empire beyond the seas. In so far as you can find Empire produce, whether it be from at home or overseas, that is satisfactory in price and quality, the E.M.B. asks you to give it your first choice.

BUY EMPIRE PRODUCE
from Home and Overseas

ISSUED BY THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD

THERE is a canker eating at the hearts of nations that can only end in death. And close at hand is a remedy that will kill the disease and lead to robust life. Yet the remedy is refused! What arrant fools we are!

The Dove in Armour

by **MISS MAUDE ROYDEN** *(Assistant Preacher at the City Temple)*

TWO things strike me in all this talk about disarmament. One is that no one and nothing on earth can make a twentieth-century nation disarm if it doesn't want to; the other is that nothing would be easier if it did want. Of course, we can disarm a nation forcibly, for a time—look at Germany and Austria.

The question is how long we can continue to keep them disarmed, and how shall we know whether they are disarmed or not?

Look at the question as if you were sitting on the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations. You have to begin by counting guns, ships, submarines, aeroplanes, tanks, gas factories and soldiers.

What soldiers? What exactly is a soldier? Is a conscript with one or two years' service to count as much as a professional soldier with a service of twelve years to his credit?

Qu stions that baffle

Does a conscript with one year's service count as much as a conscript with two years' service? Does a former conscript who comes back every two or three years for a "refresher" course count for a soldier still? And does he count for the same as the twelve years' service man in the reserve?

And what are ships? And what are aeroplanes? If you have a gigantic mercantile marine or commercial air service, how long will it take to convert those peaceful vessels and planes into instruments of war? And how much are they to count in our reckoning of armaments before they are converted?

And when is a gas-factory not a gas-factory? When is it a peaceful business making dyes? Poison-gas makes good dye—poison-gas will kill influenza germs—so we are told. If we here in England started a huge poison-gas factory to get rid of influenza, would that gas-factory count as part of our armament? And if not, why not?

And then we have to consider a lot of other things too. What are our national resources in war-time? Where and how efficient are our railways? Are we more or less self-supporting? Do we produce most of the things we want or must we fetch them from overseas?

Getting into its stride

All these things, the French say, ought to be taken into consideration; and America retorts with her derisive "bogs, fogs and bogs!" and says that, if we are to follow the French lead, we must count up how many bogs one nation raises because it will be better able to continue the war if it has a huge supply of food at its back; and how often another country is able to count on fogs to upset the plans of aerial attack on the part of its enemies; and what area of bogs another country has in which to mislead and swallow up the advancing army of invaders?

Moreover, to keep to quite serious difficulties, we have to remember that, if we had been trying to solve the disarmament problem before August of 1914, we need not have troubled much about the number of aeroplanes and trained airmen that any nation had produced, because no nation had produced any to speak of.

Now it looks as though we had better think of aeroplanes and airmen first of all, if we are looking out for another war. The nature of war has changed so enormously with a single discovery. How about the future? What should we guess would be the weapons prepared by possible enemies for their armaments of to-day?

Poison-gas? Yes; but what kind of poison-gas? Science, we must remember, "had not got into its stride" by the end of the last war, according to the scientists who met in the autumn of 1919 to record its progress. It has been getting into its stride since, we cannot doubt.

Secret places of shame

But in what secret places the poison-gas of the future is being prepared, or what its character, we do not know. We can count battleships and aeroplanes, but we cannot count such weapons as these.

So much for chemical warfare. What about biological warfare? Modern science has cleared whole areas of the earth's surface from devastating diseases, such as malaria, yellow fever, and others. It would be just as easy—probably a great deal easier—to start diseases where there were none before, and infect a whole nation.

No one, I hope, will be so blind as to believe that any kind of weapon is "too horrible" for use in modern warfare. The last war must have taught us that at least, I think. When a nation is in extremity, back to the wall, it will use any weapon that it can lay its hands on.

It is, in fact, impossible permanently to disarm a modern nation against its will.

Can we prepare for disarmament by that disarmament of the spirit which Lord Grey so truly said must precede everything else? Can we persuade the nations to disarm of their own free-will? Can we get them to *want* disarmament?

Perhaps this process has begun already. The mere existence of a Commission on Disarmament, set up by the League of Nations, is a demonstration of the intense anxiety of the world for peace.

The will to peace

It exists, and it sets to work, merely because, in spite of the difficulties with which the subject bristles, there is enough "will to peace"—enough horror of the infamies of war—among the nations to compel its existence.

To disarm, it will be said, is too great a risk. Yes; but are there no risks in war? Is not the element of risk and danger really the one noble thing in war? So with peace. Risk appeals to the brave man, and only brave men can make peace.

Before the nations disarm they demand security, but some nation must lead the way, and for leaders there are always risks. Peace has been made poor and mean in the eyes of brave men because it has been presented to them as a passive state, desired only by those who are not brave enough to "accept life on terms of death."

As long as peace looks like that, only the passive-minded and the cowardly will desire it: to brave men it will be a doubtful good.

A little nation has, however, already disarmed of its own free-will, Denmark. Will any great nation make even one step in the same direction? To do so will be to win eternal honour from the war-wearied, bloodstained world of men. To do it involves risk. We cannot win eternal honour *without* risk!

Whom does the world in fact honour before all men? Jesus of Nazareth. However far we fall below His teaching, however much we doubt the practicability of carrying it out, still He is honoured before all the world to-day.

Peace was no tame and abject submission with Him. He came into a world of suffering with one object only, to serve. All His powers of intellect and of heart, and His glorious gift of leadership, His magnetic influence over crowds of men—all were devoted to this one end.

Miss Maude Royden

Incongruous attitudes

You cannot wear armour if you take the world to your heart. You cannot defend your heart when you hold out your arms to all men. You cannot defend yourself against people whom you love. When Jesus stretched out His arms to the world he was already in the attitude of crucifixion. Has that ever struck you? Have you realised that it was He Who placed Himself upon the cross and not men who forced Him there?

Nothing that men could do to Him—neither the misunderstanding and stupidity of good men, nor the cowardice of His friends, nor the betrayal by Judas Iscariot, nor the ingratitude of the people He served, nor the disapproval of the respectable, nor the opposition of the official, could make Him for a moment abandon that attitude of crucifixion for one of self-defence.

How quickly *we* abandon it! A sneer or a jest, a passing misunderstanding or a single instance of ingratitude, and we arm ourselves at once.

We will (we think) go on serving, but with our armour on in future. We will expect nothing from a brutish and ungrateful world. We will be on the defensive now and for the rest of our lives. We will take no more risks.

Not so Jesus of Nazareth. He took risks and went on taking them, and when they crucified Him He saw that His love would defeat them in the end and said, "It is finished."

Who will begin?

Will any nation at this supreme hour of the world's history begin by taking the risk of leadership? Begin—at least *begin*—by a genuine effort, first to limit, afterwards to reduce, at last—who can tell?—at long last perhaps even to abolish armaments?

"Sitting down, they watched Him there,
The soldiers did:
There, while they played with dice,
He made his sacrifice,
And died upon the Cross to rid
God's world of sin.
He was a gambler too, my Christ,
He took His life and threw
It for a world redeemed.
And ere His agony was done,
Before the westering sun went down,
Crowning that day with its crimson crown,
He knew that he had won."

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made by a first-class London firm. Frame of seasoned English ash. Strung with excellent quality gut, double centre mains and surgically bound shoulders. Various weights. Free [until supply is exhausted] for 250 coupons from packets of 20 or 500 coupons from packets of 10 B.D.V. Cigarettes. State weight of racquet required when ordering.

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GODFREY PHILLIPS Ltd.
(Gift Dept. 70),
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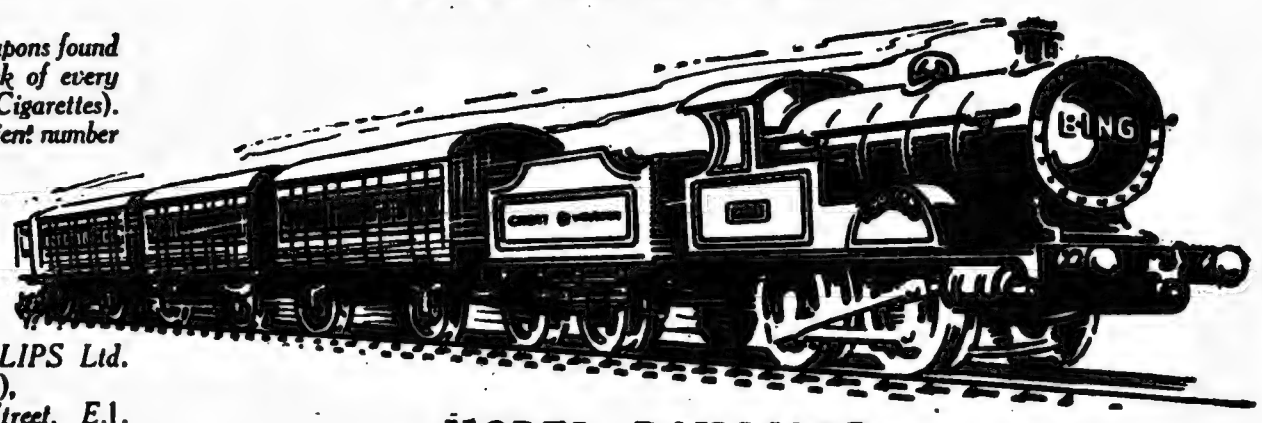

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G2.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

Dear Sir,—You have a knack of uttering truisms in resounding phrases, as, for instance, when you declare that "Victories over disease may not ring round the world like a Waterloo, but they have a deep and lasting effect on the prosperity and happiness of the human race." Nevertheless, all this is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal so long as we continue the wretched housing conditions which breed disease. We may be keeping up the victory at the moment, but unless overcrowding ceases, disease is bound to win in the end. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Sir,—You would be far more effective if sometimes you would mix a little humour with your work. For instance, a sense of humour would prevent you from keeping in prison any longer the women convicted of taking part in disturbances during the coal strike. Disorder with violence at any time is most reprehensible; nevertheless, in such unprecedented circumstances as a general strike, feeling was bound to run high. Let bygones be bygones. Release these women. It is unnecessarily vindictive to keep them in jail any longer. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. EARL BALFOUR, K.G., O.M., Carlton Gardens, S.W.

My Lord,—During a debate in the House of Lords you pointed out that it was owing to scientific research that £250,000 is saved yearly on apples imported from Australia. Previously, these were allowed literally to die of suffocation in transit. I thank you for recording this interesting fact, which helps the nation to realise the debt it owes to the great men of science, of whom you are so distinguished an ornament. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. the EARL OF MEATH, G.B.E., Ashley Gardens, S.W.

My Lord,—With reference to the forthcoming exhibition to be held by the Advertising Association at Olympia, you comment on the fact that the British Empire Marketing Board has booked 10,000 square feet of the space, and that "Empire Trade" is its chosen slogan. I agree with you that this is not a matter merely of sentiment, but is of vital importance to the nation, and especially to the poor. All who labour to rouse the country to a realisation of this fact are doing a good work. John Bull.

To the Very Rev. DEAN INGE, D.D., C.V.O., St. Paul's Cathedral.

Very Rev. Sir,—You go from bad to worse. "The working man has respect neither for democracy nor liberty," you write. "His whole interest is in transferring the wealth of the minority into his own pocket." I have not the slightest hesitation in branding this as a slanderous misstatement, and I beg you to cease from penning such pestilent piffle. Believe me, you are driving men away from the doors of the Church. John Bull.

To Mr. J. B. S. HALDANE, Cambridge.

Dear Sir,—You set an example in humanity which does not count the cost, except to others. Because an experiment could not be effectively made on a dog while under an anæsthetic, you volunteered to be the subject of it. Possibly also you recognised that the blood of human beings and that of dogs are essentially different, and therefore any changes induced in the veins of a human being must have a more direct bearing on human ills than if the same changes were induced in an animal. John Bull.

To His Honour JUDGE PARRY, Lambeth County Court.

Your Honour,—It was with deep regret that I read of your retirement. Though none of us is indispensable, your place will be difficult to fill. Not only have you proved yourself a pattern judge, but you have added to the gaiety of the nation as a wit of eminence. I trust that your freedom from judicial duties will mean an increase in your prime literary output. John Bull.

To Mr. T. SCANLAN, Lambeth Police Court.

Dear Sir,—Your defence of the "naughty boy" pleases me well, since I agree that it is the lads with a bit of the devil in them who will keep the Empire in the van. The "Little Lord Fauntleroy" brand never did appeal to me. You say your heart goes out to the youngsters brought before you for playing football in the streets. Press for more playing-fields! John Bull.

To Mrs. CURTIS, Maidenhead.

Dear Madam,—It is fifty years ago since you and your good man were sweethearts in the village where you both resided. But he had to go away in search of work, and though you ceased presently to correspond and he married, you never forgot. Now, returning a widower at seventy years of age, the old love is renewed and you marry. May you both live to enjoy your companionship. John Bull.

To the VILLAGERS, Chudleigh Knighton.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—When a young northerner, Wilfred Harrison, was killed in a motor-cycle accident, you remembered that although a stranger at your gates he was "some mother's son." As one family you attended his funeral, strengthening his anguished relatives by your flowers and sympathy, and promising, on behalf of his distant mother, that you would for ever "keep his grave as she would keep it." The whole incident testifies to your united gentleness of feeling. John Bull.

To Miss FAIRY PATTERSON, Hall Street National School, Ballybay.

Dear Fairy,—Very hearty congratulations. You have won top place in the Duke of Northumberland's Essay Competition, dealing with the subject, "How does the Lifeboat Service help the cause of Peace between Nations?" That nearly 1,500 elementary schools throughout Great Britain and Ireland took part enhances the quality of your work. John Bull.

To Miss QUINN, Leeds.

Dear Madam,—As an unmarried woman, your unbridled passion in opposing the Labour women's resolutions on birth control astonishes me. "Hell," you declare, "must rock with laughter at it." I can only say that if it were possible for you to change places with some poor harassed, poverty-stricken mother of the slums, whose children come to life year by year only to waste and drift to human wreckage, you might feel ashamed of yourself. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P.: "The most urgent problem now before the Minister of Health is co-ordination of the health services."

The real problem is access to land both for working and building, without which the national health will always remain an insoluble problem.

* * *

Dean Inge: "Christianity estranges Conservatives because it is revolutionary, and the revolutionary because it is idealistic."

Mere word-slinging. Whenever real Christianity is practised it attracts.

* * *

Sir Hallewell Rogers: "The coal strike is over, but it has not yet been paid for."

And the maddening part is that wisely handled it need never have happened.

* * *

Mr. Justice Salter: "People who receive baronetcies do not want others to think they have bought them."

Which may account for the reluctance of the Government to publish political subscription-lists.

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Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

WHO WANTS A PUP?

A MASTERPIECE IN OIL

Britain Holds the Baby

IT is a long time since the blessed word "Mesopotamia" was whispered in the ear of the groaning taxpayer.

A year or two ago it was not only whispered but positively shouted aloud under its newer name of "Irak."

Bidden, like the fool in the Bible, to fix his eyes on the ends of the earth, he was invited to look at Mesopotamia (or Irak) and fling his money into the desert sands in the hope of some day getting rich quick. For was there not oil in Irak (or Mesopotamia)?

Was he not told that if he only watered the desert sands with sufficient gold they would blossom like the rose, and everything in that arid garden would be lovely? He was, in fact, told this for a long time, and was cajoled into parting with more than £150,000,000 of his hard-earned taxes.

Now Mr. Amery, the Colonial Secretary, has, in vulgar language, "blown the gaff."

The other night in the House of Commons Commander Kenworthy innocently asked the Colonial Secretary whether oil in paying quantities had yet been discovered in Mosul or any other part of Mesopotamia.

IF we strip Mr. Amery's reply of the tortuous verbiage common to Parliamentary answers when a harassed Minister does not know what on earth to say in order to hide the naked truth, the answer was quite bluntly "No."

And it was quite easy to read into the reply that it never would be.

So the British taxpayer has, at a cost of £150,000,000, bought a puppet king, a great deal of international complication and ill-will, and what an official report calls "a miserable wilderness of barren desert alternating with vast swamps."

He has, if we may return to vulgar parlance, bought not only a pup but a mangy pup at that.

Of course, he bought it in the best possible manner, surrounded with all the pomp and ceremony with which the League of Nations can invest that highly dangerous word "mandate."

Nobody, apparently, wanted this "miserable wilderness of barren desert alternating with vast swamps," so the British taxpayer was bidden by the rest of the world to hold the baby and nurse it until it grew to manhood.

Then, doubtless, the rest of the world would come round with great delight when the grown-up child started earning dividends and hold out anxious hands for a share of the oily spoil.

THE baby, alas, refused to grow up. There aren't going to be any dividends, and just what is going to be done about it nobody seems to know.

If there is any satisfaction in this melancholy situation it is that JOHN BULL never ceased protesting against the ill-judged manner in which British money was being recklessly flung into the Mesopotamian wastes.

We doubt if there has ever been such a transparent case of misleading the British public as the Tale of the Great Mesopotamian Pup.

We "pacified" the country by bombing natives in order to force them to pay taxes—to somebody else.

We took on a hopeless job single-handed and then allowed scores and scores of foreign oil companies to come in on terms which would allow them to share the pickings—if any—and evade the losses.

More than once we ran the risk of war over Mosul where the oily spoil was supposed to be lying thickest.

It was a rosy dream which has become a sorry nightmare. One hundred and fifty millions have disappeared beneath the desert sands of Irak, and the British taxpayer is left to get what satisfaction he can out of the knowledge that he has once more "been had for a mug."

The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies

A TRIBUTE WELL EARNED

The Man and the Moment

THAT the best men are not always in the most prominent place is a trite fact. That the wrong men got into positions of leadership during the mining trouble, few can doubt.

We were consistent in our outspoken criticism and, when the trouble was quelled, equally consistent in praise of the spirit in which the Prime Minister desired settlement.

That spirit was speedily violated by many who should have known better.

From these painful considerations it is pleasant to turn to a district where, through the self-sacrificing efforts of one man, exactly the reverse obtains.

Bristol miners, who feel as strongly as we do the mishandling of the coal situation, themselves supply us with the facts.

MR. CHARLES R. GILL is a practical miner. First as a tugger boy, up to a hewer, for thirty years he worked underground.

But during those years Gill did not neglect his thinking apparatus. He continued to educate himself, by attending classes at the local Merchant Adventurers College. So well did he succeed that he was offered a "better job" in the mines.

But self-advancement was not his aim. He declined successively an overmen's and under-manager's situation to keep his liberty to work on behalf of the men.

He piloted them through the 1921 dispute and engineered a local relief fund which realised nearly £6,000. In 1924, when the employers refused to pay the scale of wages as agreed by the National Board, he urged the men to remain at work for thirteen weeks.

When cessation became inevitable he successfully argued the case, and induced the employers to pay the proper rates.

NATURALLY, this work has led to national appointments, but in the late struggle Gill did not allow starvation to be the deciding factor for local forces. Again he set to work, and £13,057 14s. 1d. was collected.

When Bristol miners restarted work, they met the same stiff upper lip on the part of employers that miners met elsewhere. Yet through it all the same pacific spirit persists, and a working agreement with their own employers has been reached, and signed with good will.

If in May, 1926, the same spirit had prevailed, the course of history might have altered. The tragedy is that, so far as the leaders on either side were concerned, it did not.

STOP THE FAKERS

FOOD was rarely dearer in normal times than it is now.

When we take into account the low level of wages generally, it is doubtful if the poorer ranks of the working people had ever a greater struggle to obtain the bare necessities of existence.

The crimes of adulteration, short-weight and the like, practised by dishonest retailers, are therefore infinitely more serious at the present time than in periods of prosperity and plenty.

Yet, in spite of the existence of an army of inspectors, this mean type of swindle shows little sign of being stamped out.

In one day's post we have reports of the prosecutions of a farmer at Bridgend for selling milk deficient in butter-fat; of another at Carmarthen for having too much water in the can, and of a baker at Kensington for selling loaves of bread short in weight.

In the last case, twenty-seven loaves in all were weighed by the inspector and only five were found to be correct.

In other words, this rascally baker was prepared to carry out a swindle in more than 80 per cent. of his business on one round.

What is the remedy? The penalty for this sort of thing can be heavy. But, as Lord Darling has pointed out, the *severity* of the sentence is never so great a deterrent as the *certainty* of the sentence.

The only way to stop the food swindlers is to make their detection as near a certainty as possible. This can only be done by the co-operation of the public.

Whenever there is a suspicion of fraud, the matter should be reported by the purchaser. Weigh your bread when you buy it, and if you find that the baker is making a habit of giving short weight report him to the authorities.

If the milk is suspicious have it tested by the local inspector and if it is deficient insist on a prosecution.

Four Mothers to Die

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WE begrudge the money necessary to make childbirth safe for mother and child. It is an appalling fact that 50 per cent. of the beds in the women's hospitals to-day are required to repair the damage caused by neglect in childbirth.

Dame Janet Mary Campbell, M.D., M.S., Senior Medical Officer for Maternity and Child Welfare, Ministry of Health

IN the last nine years nearly 25,000 British women have lost their lives in childbirth.

In 1925, the latest year for which official figures are available, 2,744 women died in giving birth to children, or, roughly, four deaths to every thousand births.

This figure is higher than for any year since the war, except 1920, when nearly 4,000 mothers laid down their lives.

That medical science and all the marvellous developments of modern surgery should have done little or nothing to diminish the awful risks of maternity is a matter demanding the most instant and urgent attention.

If these risks were inevitable and inescapable we might with justice inveigh against a law of Nature that places such a terrible burden on women. We could not with any justice go outside that criticism.

Damning statement

If, on the other hand, this vital business of birth is far more perilous than it need be, both for mother and child, then it is time to see from whence the risk comes and to what extent it can be eliminated.

In a recent public pronouncement Dr. Comyns Berkeley, for many years Senior Obstetric Surgeon at the Middlesex Hospital, said: "The past seventy years has seen little or no reduction of the mortality of women in childbirth."

The obvious question is clearly "Why?" For the past seventy years has certainly seen an advance in medical method and surgical technique beyond all compare.

Dame Janet Campbell, M.D., Senior Maternity Officer at the Ministry of Health, ought, if anyone ought, to be in a position to answer that question.

In a recent report she said—and in the whole realm of official literature there are no more damning sentences—"A careful midwife and a skilful doctor rarely lose a patient, given a reasonable chance for the exercise of their competency. In the large number of maternal deaths there has been failure at some point to practise proper supervision.

"Lost" mothers

"Often the omission occurs before childbirth. There has been a lack of ante-natal examination and watchfulness, and what might have been a comparatively simple event becomes one of desperate urgency."

Let me repeat the first few words of Dame Janet Campbell: "A careful midwife and a skilful doctor rarely lose a patient." Yet every year nearly 3,000 mothers are "lost," to say nothing of some 50,000 babies who are either still-born or die within the first three weeks of life.

That is why I said that in the whole realm of official literature there are no more damning sentences than these.

For what possible conclusion can we come to except that this terrible loss of life is almost wholly preventable and that it is not prevented?

Who can deny that in the face of this admission from the Senior Maternity Officer at the Ministry of Health this appalling toll of mortality is not due to the inevitable risks of Nature, but to the fact that the nation's life-saving apparatus is woefully out of gear?

Let me quote one other expert witness, Dr. G. W. Theobald, one of the most distinguished obstetric surgeons in Great Britain.

This is what he said not so long ago: "Four women die out of every 1,000 who give birth to children. Assuming a mother has five children, she undergoes a total risk of one in fifty of dying as the result. Such figures are scandalous, but represent only a fraction of the truth."

What Dr. Theobald means is that, appalling as such figures are, they do not account for the very large number of women who suffer extreme agonies and escape with their lives by a miracle.

Whose fault?

His official conclusion is: "There is a growing consciousness that midwifery in this country is not what it ought to be."

Sir George Newman, the Chief Medical Officer at the Ministry of Health, who is also in a position to know, says:

"The practice of preventive midwifery falls far behind our knowledge of its value, and although some advance is made every year, progress is still slow. I fear it must be said that the great majority of women neither ask for nor receive skilled supervision during pregnancy."

The question at once arises whether this lack of supervision is the fault of the women themselves.

It is quite true that in 1918 the Maternity and Child Welfare Act gave permission for maternity centres to be established where expectant mothers might receive skilled care. The trouble is that, as with so many well-intentioned Acts of Parliament, it was merely permissive and not compulsory.

Local authorities have the power to establish such clinics if they choose, but if they do they must pay for them out of the rates. The result is that far too many local authorities prefer "economy" to the all-important task of saving the lives of mothers and babies.

Result of inaction

There are, in point of fact, 675 of these maternity centres in the whole of England and Wales. But they are most unevenly distributed.

They are naturally only to be found in those districts where a true appreciation of "economy" exists—namely, that true economy in public finance is attained when expenditure produces worth-while results in the shape of national well-being.

Not only are there many thousands of women living out of reach of skilled attention during the most critical periods of their lives, but nearly a quarter of the rural population of Great Britain is without even the assistance of a trained midwife in time of need.

Of the nearly 3,000 mothers who annually die in England and Wales, more than 1,000 are victims of septic poisoning. Medical experts agree with tragic unanimity that this at any rate is an entirely avoidable complication, due solely to the absence of trained knowledge in those attendant at the time of birth.

And until the Midwives and Maternity Homes Bill, now before Parliament, becomes law, there is no guarantee that the attendant nurse will be a qualified person.

Nothing is more important than to see that this Bill becomes an Act in the shortest possible space of time.

It is no use blinking the facts. We are losing these incredible numbers of mothers and babies because we are not really making an effort to save them. For these deaths are not "an act of God"; they are the results of our own lack of action.

Surely the time has come for the nation to demand adequate protection for the mothers of the race.

There are still good Samaritans about. What joy they bring to poor, lonely souls! Were this known more, fewer would pass by

The Secret in

MY readers who have passed along the Thames Embankment must have seen Raymond Ellis. There he stood, close by Charing Cross Station, plying his trade as a match-seller.

Mr. Philip Inman

With his shabby, threadbare clothes and long flowing beard, he was an object of curiosity and of pity. For a long time he remained loyal to that pitch, but now, alas, like "Little Joe," of whom Dickens writes, he has had to "move on."

Poverty, hunger, and often destitution have taken their toll of this patriarchal street-vendor, until he has found shelter from life's buffetings in the wards of a London hospital.

Let me go back three months, to the day when Raymond Ellis came to seek advice. He complained of his chest, and said that he found it difficult to breathe. After a careful examination he was told he had better come into the hospital, and he replied, "Yuss, that 'ud suit me dahn to the ground, but I must git me belongings fust."

An hour later, with a brown-paper parcel in his hands, he was back again. "This is all my luggidge," he said with a smile. Then he went on, "Wot's in this 'ere parcel, money wouldn't buy." But for the time being he kept that secret.

When the next visiting-day came round, Raymond Ellis was the only patient who had no one to call and see him. When he was asked if he had no friends, he shook his head sadly. "No," he said, "leastwise, nobody as 'ud come ter see me 'ere."

HE was pressed for some further explanation, and he went on, "There's a gintilman as 'as bin kind ter me, but I don't know 'is name, nor where 'e lives, but I'd like ter see 'im again, if only to say, 'Thank yer.'"

But "'mongst London's millions" it is difficult, if not impossible, to trace a man by this description, and it was only the hunger in the patient's eyes which led to the further enquiry, "But do

The Tin Trumpeters

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Labour Party is the only alternative Government. On its present showing the country is alarmed at the prospect. And it cannot be wondered at when the Party exhibits itself as individual self-seekers, caring nothing for the qualities of statesmanship and leadership.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD arrives home this week from his unlucky visit to America, and everybody, including his political opponents, will welcome him back.

Whether we agree with him or not, he is one of the very few living men in public life who cannot be spared, and in the past two months we have been much nearer losing him than has been commonly supposed.

His Parliamentary value to his Party has been even more apparent in his absence than it is in his presence, for the fight which Labour has put up against the Trade Disputes Bill, culminating in the grotesque march from the battlefield last week to the trumpetings of that quaint futility, Mr. George Lansbury, has been singularly feeble and to those who, like myself, think the Bill is a tactical mistake, extremely disappointing.

It would be a good thing for Labour and for the country if the result of Mr. MacDonald's illness and happy recovery were that his Party realised his worth and made him its leader not only in name but in fact. He has never been that so far.

I do not remember any Party leader who has had so hard a row to hoe as he has had or who has suffered so many affronts, snubs and pinpricks from various sections of his nominal followers as he has suffered.

Playing the traitor

This lack of loyalty is not a matter that affects Labour alone. It concerns the country. Labour has now arrived. It has emerged from its apprenticeship, and of the three organised political forces in the State it is easily the second, with little likelihood of being deposed from that position.

This fact, the fact that at any moment Labour may be called upon to govern the country, imposes a responsibility on the Party which is not reflected in its present confusion of motives and its rigid and unintelligent disciplines.

The old Party systems, whatever their faults, at least did function. They recognised a central authority and moved in step to a common purpose. When a leader emerged by common consent he commanded the loyalty of his followers and enjoyed with his chosen colleagues the freedom and authority necessary to carry on, whether in Opposition or in office.

But the organisation of Labour is at once rigid and incoherent. You never know where the centre of the movement is, for there is no centre.

It ought to be in the Parliamentary Party, but it isn't, for all the money for running the machine comes from the trade unions, and the trade unions, conscious of the power of the purse, come down on delicate and intricate situations to which they have given no study with the heavy-footed emphasis of an elephant.

Babbling windbags

Any windbag in the Congress can get up and stampede it with gusty eloquence and get it to adopt far-reaching and ill-considered policies about China, about Russia, about currency, which tie the hands of the unfortunate Parliamentarians who know better, but cannot quarrel with their bread and butter.

Nor is this the only evil consequence of the dominance of the unions. Another unfortunate result is the inferior *personnel* of the Party. The trade unionist is as human and therefore as hungry as the rest of us, and it is not unnatural that, as he supplies the money, he should wish also to supply not only the tune but the piper.

The pushful young man in the local lodge is ambitious to get into Parliament, and as he is a good fellow, has a fine pair of bellows and knows how to talk the regulation gup, he goes there, only to find that politics is an extremely difficult study of which he knows nothing, and that his only refuge is silence and the smoking-room.

There has never been a great Party in the House which had less respect for brains and was more indifferent to the quality, as distinguished from the quantity, of its representatives.

Any second-rate trade union secretary may have the pick of the constituencies, but a brilliant scholar, thinker and speaker like R. H. Tawney

The Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Deputy-Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party

is left to fight forlorn hopes for the cause for which he has given everything until he shall be old and obsolete.

And even within the House the leaders are hidebound by tyrannous rules and traditions which deny them any authority or initiative. They are on critical occasions sent into the House like messenger-boys, to force an incalculable debate with strict instructions not to travel outside the brief drawn up beforehand by the Toms, Dicks and Harrys of the Parliamentary Party.

Disastrous conflict

Add to all this the incoherence of aims and the blurred outlook on the world which results from the conflicting centres of authority. The I.L.P., seeing everything from the doctrinaire Socialist point of view, issues one set of policies to the silly slogan of "Socialism in our time."

The Trades Union Congress, seeing everything from the industrial point of view, and not caring twopence about Socialism, issues another set of policies. The Parliamentary Party compromises with a third.

Across all these comes crashing the irreconcilable brigade of Communists, preaching revolution and disruption, disloyal to their leaders and caring nothing about Parliament, Mr. Wheatley darkly hinting at barricades and an armed proletariat, Mr. Lansbury for ever mouthing his dreary hysterics, as noisy as a drum and as empty, and Mr. A. J. Cook getting himself heroically photographed with the Tomskys and Billskys whose frankly announced programme is to destroy the economic existence of this country until it has become the appanage of Soviet Russia.

Thankless task

And in the midst of this babel of noises stands and has stood Mr. MacDonald, trying to resolve these discords into a political harmony that will provide a coherent Opposition or an efficient instrument of Government.

He has come back to that thankless task and I wish him well, for as I have said an alternative Government is a vital necessity to the State and in present circumstances Labour alone can provide it.

But Labour cannot do it effectively until it has settled its internal squabbles, until it has decided whether it is a Party of construction or a Party of catastrophe, whether it wants to work the Parliamentary system or to destroy it.

And it cannot do it until it has learned to be loyal to its leaders and to give them a liberty of action and a confidence of support without which the Archangel Gabriel himself could not make it an efficient instrument of government.

Brown Paper

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

you know anything more that will help us to find him?" He thought deeply and then replied wistfully, "I only knows as 'ow 'e comes by train ter Charing Cross abaht ten in the morning."

THE next morning Raymond Ellis, accompanied by two ambulance men, was back at his old pitch. The unknown benefactor arrived, and when he discovered what had happened, he came back to the hospital, and the old match-seller has not been without a friend on visiting-days.

Raymond Ellis knows he will never go out again, but he does not rebel against his fate. "Wot's the use of whining," he says. "Life ain't bin all 'oney; I ain't 'ad much jam since the ol' woman died."

Then in slow, hesitating tones, he told me his sad story. Eleven years of his life he had spent in prison. "'Til I was forty I was what you might call respectable. When I got into trouble it broke the ol' woman's 'eart, and she was gorne when I come out the fust time. Then I didn't seem ter care, an' I wos soon back agin. After that I tried ter pull up, but it's an 'ard job fer a jail-bird ter make good.

"For the last ten years I've managed ter keep goin' by selling matches in the street, but many's the time I've 'ad nothin' past me lips fer days, and many's the night I've slept on the Embankment. Thank Gawd there's a place like this 'ere to make it comfortable like fer yer."

Just then the tea was brought round. The old match-seller opened his locker and took out a pot of jam which his "Good Samaritan" had brought him. "There's some things in there," he went on, pointing to the drawer, "wot remind me of the good ol' days. I'd like ter show 'em ter yer."

THERE were odds and ends of all sorts, but the things which he treasured most were two medals which he had won during the Boer War and a faded photograph of a woman.

"I've knocked abaht a good deal," he said, "but I wouldn't part with 'em, not fer nothin' in the world. And when I'm gorne, I want 'em ter go with me. It's the only thing I ask."

And on the face of Raymond Ellis, the ex-convict match-seller, came a wonderful tenderness which it would have done his "ol' woman" good to see. Maybe she did see it—who knows?

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Constant Backache makes you old!

MAKE life a pleasure again! That nagging backache; that irregularity of the urine; that tired, nervous, old and worn out feeling; those headaches and dizzy sensations; all may be due to kidney weakness, which can be overcome. Start to take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills now, and mark how quickly they relieve your rheumatic pains and urinary troubles.

"Get Doan's and Get Well"

On 4th January, 1912, Mrs. I. B. Craig, 18, Aristotle Road, Clapham, S.W.4, said:—"I had such cutting pains in my back, that it was agony to move. The kidney excretions were cloudy and contained sediment and, at times, there was difficulty in relief. My body began to swell with dropsy.

"I had been in bed for six weeks when I used Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. After taking three boxfuls, there was a regular bladder action and, before long, I was well."

On 24th September, 1926, Mrs. Craig said:—"I still keep very well, and continue to recommend Doan's Pills. (Signed) I. B. Craig."

Do as Mrs. Craig did. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S. 3/- per box.

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—J. B. Potter, London.

"Bilax has rid me of constipation and indigestion."
—Mrs. N. Birch, Birmingham.

"Bilax is quite the best remedy I have taken."
—Mrs. A. Flanders, Manchester.

60 *Sugar-coated Bilax, 1/3 per bottle. All dealers.*

The Best Laxative

Made by Doan's

WICKED PROPERTY ROBBERY

TWO HOUSES FOR FIVE POUNDS!

Legalised Theft by the L.C.C.

IN the Greenwich and Deptford area the London County Council has embarked on a scheme known as the Watergate Improvement Scheme which necessitates the pulling-down of a certain number of houses.

The method by which these houses are being acquired is nothing more nor less than barefaced imposition and robbery.

That it is legal makes it no better and imposes a grave responsibility on the Government which made such things possible.

Two of these condemned houses are owned by a seventy-year-old stonemason, Mr. Charles J. Young, of 17, Wilson Street, York Road, attersea.

Intolerable injustice

He has dependent upon him a crippled wife and a twelve-year-old adopted daughter. In September, 1901, Mr. Young acquired the two houses, 134 and 136, Watergate Street, Deptford.

The houses were purchased on an eighty years' lease at the price of £375. To pay this Mr. Young used the whole of his life's savings and was also compelled to take up a mortgage, which by the exercise of thrift he managed to pay off some six years ago.

With the rent from these houses—22s. per week—and the old-age pension Mr. Young was looking forward to retirement and to spending the evening of his days in modest comfort.

Now he is to be robbed of the fruits of his praiseworthy efforts to make himself independent. The houses have to come down and as compensation the L.C.C. is paying him the magnificent sum of £5.

Such an offer to this old, hard-working man is downright wicked and an intolerable injustice.

Another hard case is that of Mr. Quarrendon, of 46, Childbert Road, Balham. Mr. Quarrendon is a taxi-driver and is about fifty years of age. In February, 1907, he became the purchaser of six houses in Watergate Street.

The price paid for the property was £897 and to realise that sum Mr. Quarrendon raised a mortgage of £550, which is still outstanding.

Insulting offer

For these six houses the L.C.C. has offered to pay £10—on property with an outstanding mortgage of over fifty times that amount.

All the efforts of Mr. Quarrendon's solicitors, Messrs. Avery and Wolverson, of New Cross Road, S.E., have failed to secure any more substantial or reasonable offer.

The firm, feeling that a gross act of injustice was being perpetrated, made an appeal to the Ministry of Health, but that Department refused to take any action, contending that the demolition was being carried out under the provisions of the Housing Act of 1925.

Enquiry at the Valuation and Estates Housing Department of the L.C.C. reveals that in each instance the compensation will be as stated.

No. 27, Watergate Street is owned by a gentleman named Mr. James Murphy. His property is valued at £600. It was only two years ago that he spent £400 on turning the house into flats.

This work had the sanction of the local authority and was carried out

Col. Levita, Chairman of the Housing Committee, L.C.C.

under the supervision of the borough surveyor.

The flats became tenanted and Mr. Murphy was looking forward with confidence to some recompense for his enterprise and outlay.

Instead of that the tenants have all been turned out, the premises are to come down, *and Mr. Murphy is offered no compensation whatever.*

Driven to the workhouse

At Hickman's Folly, ermondsey, leasehold premises with forty years unexpired were owned by a working man, the price paid by him being £700. He invested £100 of his own money and took up a first mortgage of £400 and a second of £200.

This purchase was made in 1900, and by dint of the greatest self-sacrifice the mortgages were paid off in the space of fourteen years. In 1913 the property was renovated at a cost of £300, borrowed from the bank and still owing.

As compensation for the loss of this property the owner has received £100 from the L.C.C., leaving him not only without his purchase, but also in debt to the extent of £200.

In Plough Road, Battersea, a Mr. King owned a blacksmith's shop with living-rooms over. As the result of a demolition scheme the property was confiscated, and King lost both that and his business. He is over seventy and is now in the workhouse.

A widow who owned a house in the Limehouse area bought it freehold in 1913 for £1,000. There is still an outstanding mortgage of £600, and she gets £300 as compensation.

Cause for indignation

Mr. H. R. Farnan is the owner of the house 60, Watergate Street. These premises have the advantage of being freehold and were built some thirty years ago. They are in an excellent state of repair and a moderate estimate of value would be £500.

For the house and freehold the L.C.C. is prepared to pay £55.

Mr. William A. Brumfield, an estate-agent, living at 117, Lewisham High Road, is the owner of a freehold house situate in Deptford Green.

Three years ago, to meet the requirements of the local authority, Mr. Brumfield spent £90 for new drains and out-buildings at this house. For its demolition he has been compensated by the L.C.C. to the extent of £33.

The same kind of thing prevails all over the country. At Bradford a war widow by commuting her pension bought a house for £100. She has since spent a lot on its improvement, and is now to be dispossessed and will receive between £10 and £15.

These property-owners and others similarly treated are naturally highly indignant at the downright robbery to which they have been subjected.

The L.C.C. is, of course, merely putting the law as it stands into operation, and the Ministry of Health is the power behind the present scheme.

Unfortunately, under the Housing Act of 1925, the L.C.C. is only able to pay compensation at the value of the cleared site, irrespective of whatever houses or buildings were upon it.

Disgraceful enactment

The whole matter is covered by section 46 of that Act, which provides:

"Where land included in any improvement or reconstruction scheme . . . is acquired compulsorily the compensation to be paid for the land, including any buildings thereon, shall be the value at the time the valuation is made of the land as a site cleared of buildings and available for development in accordance with the building bylaws for the time being in force in the district."

That measure was passed by the present Government. In application it is more Socialistic than anything ever proposed by professed Socialists. It is an iniquitous and disgraceful enactment.

That private individuals should be called upon to lose in some cases the whole of their worldly wealth for public improvements is a dastardly outrage on the British sense of fairplay and justice.

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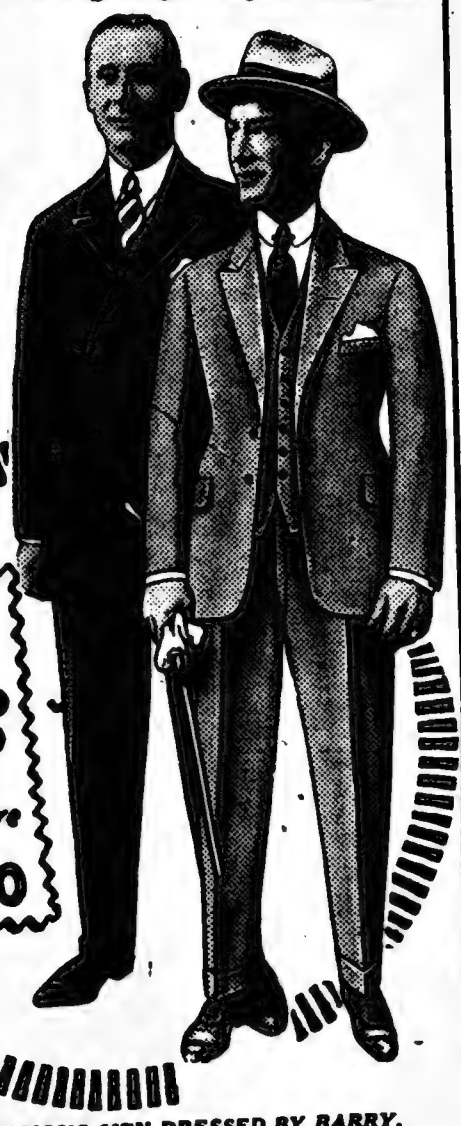

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Bronchitis

and

Asthma

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74, Camp Hill, Birmingham.
February 1st, 1927.

I am extremely grateful for the Booklet you sent me a few weeks ago. It has been most helpful and interesting. I commenced Dr. Hair's Treatment on January 1st, and have had four bottles of medicine. With the first bottle I began to feel my health and energy returning, and could sleep all night from the first. For years I have been tortured with Asthma, and may say that nothing has ever before cured my cough. I cannot speak too highly of it, and shall be only too pleased to help every sufferer to know about Dr. Hair's wonderful cure.

(Signed) Miss E. HOLLIS.

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WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 28/5/27

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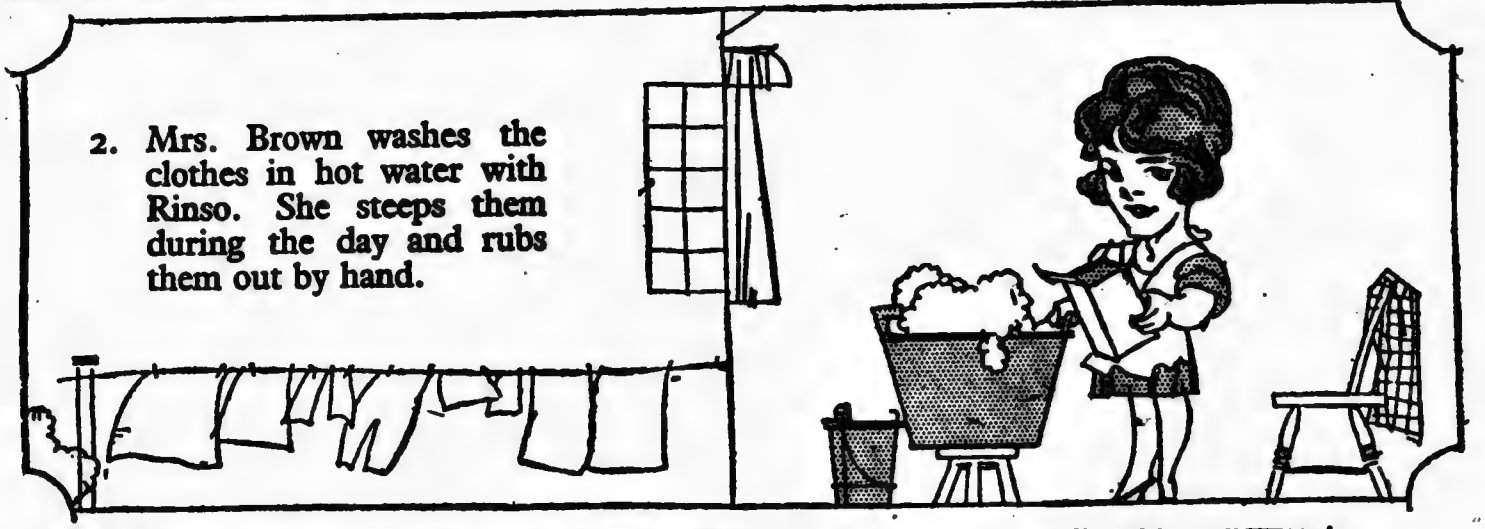
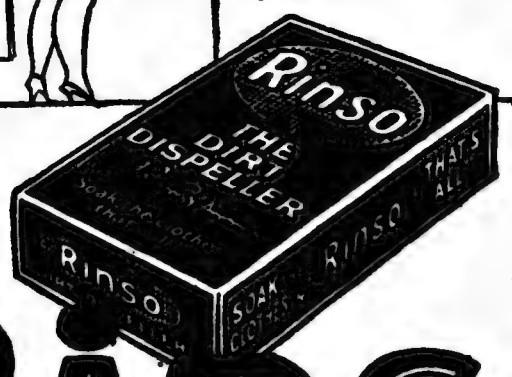
1. Mrs. Jones washes the clothes in cold water with Rinso. She lets them soak overnight, while she sleeps.

2. Mrs. Brown washes the clothes in hot water with Rinso. She steeps them during the day and rubs them out by hand.



3. Mrs. Robinson boils the clothes with Rinso. She pops them in and leaves them for half an hour, while she gets on with other things.



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WAS HE MURDERED?

THE DELILAHS OF WATERLOO

A Sinister Sisterhood

THE police could tell many a tale of young Guardsmen and soldiers from other regiments who have been robbed and, even worse, have mysteriously disappeared upon their first leave in London.

This kind of thing has become a very serious feature of the British Army to-day.

Every year hundreds of young men come to join the colours from the outlying villages of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. It is a chance to see the world, unfortunately not always a happy one.

Recruits enlisted for the Scots Guards are sent to Caterham Barracks to undergo very serious initiation into the discipline of the Guards.

After a time they are allowed short leave, possibly enough to cover an evening in London.

Spotting a "rookie"

Picture, then, these young men, fresh from the parade-ground where little is taught but drill, discipline and tradition, arriving at a great London railway terminus, the easy prey of the type of man or woman who make it their business to be thoroughly conversant with the movements of each regiment, and who can pick out a "rookie," as recruits are called, with the certainty of long experience.

The Guardsman in embryo has scarcely put his railway pass back into his breast pocket when some harpy has thrust his or her foul friendship upon him.

And—who knows?—in a few hours that young man's military career may be ended or, at the best, sullied by being "crimed" before he has left the training depôt.

It may be a case of "Young Guardsman's Mysterious Death," or it may be a case of which the general public hears nothing.

What about the sad and mysterious death of Private Herbert McClure Doake?

In the quaint little fishing town of Thurso, far away in the north of Scotland, a mother is broken-hearted about a boy who set off for London to join the Scots Guards. She was proud of him in his fine manhood as he parted from her.

Tragic leave

Thurso is not London. On his first night's leave in London he disappeared. Nearly three months later his body was found floating in the River Thames, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Death by misadventure."

His first night's leave! One cannot dogmatise as to the cause of Private Doake's end. One can but conjecture.

He had no trouble whatever. This was proved by two letters which were found in his locker. One was from his mother and one was from his sweetheart; both were couched in happy terms.

Suicide is hardly probable, though London can drive many a conscientious, sensitive young man to suicide, when some of her pestilent denizens get him in their clutches.

They are waiting, these harpies, around the barrack-gates.

Young Doake had only just reached Wellington Barracks. He hardly knew he was a soldier.

Is it not probable that in resisting one of these pests he thereby met

The Rt. Hon. Sir L. Worthington-Evans G.B.E., M.P., Secretary for War, who should issue a word of warning to young soldiers when out on leave.

his death? They know well when a new batch of recruits has arrived.

Among old soldiers, Tower Bridge Barracks is looked upon as one of the most dangerous for the "green" youngster.

Lured to death

The case of Private Williams of the 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards looms ever in their memory as an awful example.

His was a tragedy of Christmas Eve. No one knows exactly (except perhaps some conscience that skulks now in the East End) who killed him.

At any rate, he was found in a disreputable house in Whitechapel, his brains battered out by a bar of iron.

Strenuous enquiries were made, yet so conflicting was the evidence given, that a conviction was impossible.

Common sense tells us, however, that he was lured by some woman to the murky depths of the East End. He was a man who would not give in to the threats of any woman's confederates and so they murdered him.

Take the more fortunate experience of Thomas Burne of the Seaforth Highlanders. A young man, recently returned from India, he was burdened with the sum of £94.

A man called John Cunningham stopped him in Waterloo Road with the following: "Hello, Jock, I'm hungry. I'm a Jock myself and out of work."

Foolish exhibition

Just the same old business; trading on the man's good-heartedness; a young soldier back from India with more money than usual. An easy prey.

Together they went to a public-house and then to a restaurant where they met two girls and had some food.

Foolishly the young soldier paid the bill with a five-pound note.

Trouble began when the parasite picked up the change and passed it under the table to one of the girls. Naturally the young soldier was annoyed at this and took off his tunic to fight him.

They were in the end induced to leave the premises in peace. Outside, however, Burne found that he had lost his money.

Cunningham sneaked away when one of the girls, perhaps moved to compassion at the soldier's plight, accused him of stealing it.

The sequel was that Burne found his cadging companion the next evening and had him arrested.

It is as well to hear the magistrate's opinion of such a man when sentencing him to three months' hard labour: "I have never heard a more sordid story. Having got hold of a fellow countryman with too much to drink, you fleeced him absolutely."

Such are the pitfalls that subtly gape to engulf the unwary young soldier in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Road and elsewhere.

Vanished career

We might fill an issue with similar tales of sordidness which come to our ears every day regarding the callow, country-bred soldier, launched on London for the first time.

After all, there is an organised army of people waiting to catch him and no organised attempt to warn him and circumvent the nauseous temptations.

It needs no small grain of courage for a recruit to return to his regiment of Guards as a defaulter. The days go by; he is gazetted as a deserter from His Majesty's Service; all hopes of a career in the Guards have vanished.

The young man who left his native village a hero is destined probably to a life of crime in the sombre purlieus of lower London.

What is being done to prevent this? Is it not a serious matter affecting His Majesty's Forces?

Meanwhile, has every possible step been taken to unravel the mystery of Private Doake's death? *Are the authorities entirely satisfied that a foul murder has not been committed?*

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Steve Donoghue.

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The famous jockey is writing a special long and informative article exclusively for next Sunday's "Sunday Express" in which he names the horse he thinks will win, and sums up the chances of his own mount and of other candidates.

This is the article for which all the Derby public are waiting.

Order Sunday's "Sunday Express" to-day.

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by

TEDDY BALDOCK.

Teddy Baldock.
Photo: HANA, London.

The handsome British Bantamweight Champion of the World is writing for the first time the inside stories of his life's thrills which will be eagerly read by every sportsman and follower of the Noble Art.

Since Teddy Baldock beat the American he has received many offers to reveal these stories of his career, which he has now decided to give exclusively to the "Sunday Express."

A "Thrills in My Life" article by Baldock will appear in next Sunday's "Sunday Express," and the series will continue for some weeks.

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Sizes: 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

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FACTORY:

St. Paul's Street, LEEDS.

THE FOUR JUST MEN AGAIN

The Slane

THE Sign of the Silver Triangle in Curzon Street spelt Manfred, Gonsalez and Poiccart to the crooks of London's underworld. No one knew better than the evil-minded what danger lurked in the righteous anger of "The Four Just Men."

THE killing of Bernard Slane was one of those mysteries which delight the press and worry the police.

Mr. Slane was a rich stockbroker, a bachelor and a good fellow. He had dined at a Pall Mall club and, his car being in the hands of the makers, he took a taxicab to his flat in Albert Palace Mansions. The porter of the mansions had taken the elevator to the fifth floor at the time Mr. Slane arrived.

The first intimation that there was anything wrong was when the porter came down to find the taxi-driver standing in the hall, and asked him what he wanted.

"I've just brought a gentleman here—Mr. Slane, who lives at Number Seven," said the driver. "He hadn't got any change so he's gone in to get it."

This was quite likely, because Slane lived on the first floor and invariably used the stairs. They chatted together, the porter and the driver, for some five minutes, and then the porter undertook to go up and collect the money for the fare.

Albert Palace Mansions differed from every other apartment house of its kind in that, on the first and the most expensive floor, there was one small flat consisting of four rooms which was occupied by Slane.

A glimmering light could be seen, but then it had been burning all the evening. The porter rang the bell and waited, rang it again, knocked, without, however, getting an answer. He returned to the cabman.

"He must have gone to sleep—how was he?" he asked.

By his question he meant to enquire whether the stockbroker was quite sober. It is the fact that Slane drank rather heavily, and had come home more than once in a condition which necessitated the help of the night porter to get him to bed.

The cabman, whose name was Reynolds, admitted that Slane had taken as much as, and probably more than, was good for him. Again the porter attempted to get a reply from the flat, and, when this failed, he paid the cabman out of his own pocket, two shillings and sixpence.

The porter was on duty all night, and made several journeys up and down his shaft. Through the open grille on the first floor he commanded a view of No. 7. His statement was that he saw nothing of Mr. Slane that night, that it was impossible for the stockbroker to have left the building without his seeing him.

AT half-past five the next morning a policeman patrolling Green Park saw a man sitting huddled up on a garden chair. He was in evening dress, his attitude so suspicious that the policeman stepped over the rails and crossed the stretch of grass which intervened between the pathway and the chair, which was placed near a clump of rhododendrons.

He came up to the man, to find his fears justified. The man was dead; he had been terribly battered with some blunt instrument, and a search of the pockets revealed his identity as Bernard Slane.

Near the spot was an iron gateway set in the rails leading to the Mall, and the lock of this was discovered to be smashed.

Detectives from Scotland Yard were at once on the spot; the porter of Albert Palace Mansion was questioned and a call was sent round, asking the driver Reynolds to call at the Yard. He was there by twelve o'clock, but could throw no light on the mystery.

Reynolds was a respectable man without any record against him, and was a widower who lived over a garage near Dorset Square, Baker Street.

* * *

"A MOST amusing crime," said Leon Gonsalez, his elbows on the breakfast table, his head between his hands.

"Why amusing?" asked George.

Leon read on, his lips moving, a trick of his, as he devoured every printed line. After a while he leaned back in his chair and rubbed his eyes. "It is amusing," he said, "because of the hotel bill that was found in the dead man's pocket."

He put his finger on a paragraph and Manfred drew the paper towards him and read:—

"The police discovered in the right-hand pocket of the murdered man's overcoat a bloodstained paper which proved to be an hotel bill, issued by the Plage Hotel, Ostend, on August 3, 1921. The bill was made out in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbraham and was for 7,500 francs."

Manfred pitched the paper back. "Isn't the mystery why this half-drunken man left his flat and went back to Green Park, some considerable distance from Albert Palace Mansions?" he asked.

Leon, who was staring blankly at the farther wall, shook his head slowly; and then, in his characteristic way, went off at a tangent:

"This new law prohibiting the publication of details in divorce cases is something of a bore," he said. "Fortunately, the date is 1921, and the circumstances which surround the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbraham to the Plage would have been given the fullest publicity if the case had come into court."

"Do you suspect a murder of revenge?"

Leon shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject.

* * *

THERE was a man at Scotland Yard, Inspector Meadows, who was on the friendliest terms with the three. It was his practice to smoke a pipe, indeed, many pipes, of evenings in the little Curzon Street house. He came that night, rather full of the Slane mystery.

"Slane was a pretty rapid sort," he said. "From the evidence that was found in his house, it is clear that he was the one man in London who ought not to be a bachelor if about two dozen women had their rights!

"By the way, we've traced Mr. and Mrs. Wilbraham. Wilbraham was, of course, Slane. The lady isn't so easy to find; one of his pick-ups, I suppose——"

"And yet the only girl he was willing to marry," said Gonsalez.

"How do you know that?" asked the startled detective.

Leon chuckled. "The bill was obviously sent to give the husband evidence. The husband, either because he was willing to give his wife another chance or because he was a Roman Catholic, did not divorce her.

"Now tell me"—he leaned forward over the table and beamed on the detective—"when the cabman drew up before the door of Albert Palace Mansions, did Slane immediately alight?—I can tell you he didn't."

"You've been making enquiries," said the other suspiciously. "No, he waited there. The cabman, being a tactful individual, thought it best to keep him inside until the people who were in the hall had gone up in the lift—which is visible from the door."

"Exactly. Was it the cabman's idea or Slane's?"

"The cabman's," said Meadows. "Slane was half asleep when the cabman pulled him out."

"One more question: when the elevator man took this party to the fifth floor, did he come down immediately?"

The inspector shook his head.

"No, he stayed up there talking to the tenants. He heard Slane's door slam, and that was the first intimation he had that somebody had come in."

Leon jerked back into his chair, a delighted smile on his face. "What do you think, Raymond?" He addressed the saturnine Poiccart.

"What do *you* think?" said the other.

Meadows looked from Poiccart to Gonsalez. "Have you any theory as to why Slane went out again?"

"He didn't go out again," said the two men in unison.

Meadows caught George Manfred's smiling eyes. "They're trying to mystify you, Meadows, but what they say is true. Obviously he did not go out again."

Mystery by EDGAR WALLACE

He rose and stretched himself. "I'm going to bed; and I'd like to bet you fifty pounds that Leon finds the murderer to-morrow, though I won't swear that he will hand him over to Scotland Yard."

* * *

AT eight o'clock next morning, when, with a cigarette in his mouth, Reynolds, the taxi-driver, was making a final inspection of his cab before taking it out for the day, Leon Gonsalez walked into the mews.

Reynolds was a man of forty, a quiet, good-looking fellow, refined of speech and courteous in a particularly pleasing way.

"You're not another detective, are you?" he asked, smiling ruefully. "I've answered as many foolish questions as I care to answer."

"Is this your own cab?" Leon nodded to the shining machine.

"Yes, that's mine," said the driver. "Cab-owning is not the gold mine some people think it is. And if you happen to get mixed up in a case like this, your takings fall 50 per cent."

Very briefly Leon explained his position.

"The man was dead . . . battered with some blunt instrument."

"The Triangle Agency—oh, yes, I remember; you're the Four Just Men, aren't you? Good lord! Scotland Yard haven't put you on the job?"

"I'm on the job for my own amusement," said Leon, giving smile for smile. "There are one or two matters which weren't quite clear to me, and I wondered if you would mind telling me something that the police do not seem to know."

The man hesitated, and then: "Come up to my room," he said, and led the way up the narrow stairs.

The room was surprisingly well furnished. There were one or two old pieces, Leon noticed, which must have been worth a lot of money. On a gate-legged table in the centre of the room was a leather hat-box, and near the table a suitcase.

The cabman must have noticed his eyes rest on these, for he said quickly: "They belong to a customer of mine. I'm taking them to the station."

From where he stood, Leon could see they were addressed to the Tetley cloak-room to be called for; he made no comment on this, but his observation evidently disconcerted his host, for his manner changed.

"Now, Mr. Gonsalez, I'm a working man, so I'm afraid I can't give you very much time. What is it you want to know?"

"I particularly wish to know," said Leon, "whether the day you brought Slane to his house had been a very busy one for you?"

"It was fairly profitable," said the other. "I have already given the police an account of my fares, including the hospital case—but I suppose you know that."

"Which hospital case was this?"

The man hesitated. "I don't want you to think I'm boasting about doing a thing like that—it was just humanity. A woman was knocked down by a 'bus in Baker Street; I picked her up and took her to the hospital."

"Was she badly hurt?"

"She died." His voice was curt.

Leon looked at him thoughtfully. Again his eyes roved to the suitcase. "Thank you," he said. "Will you come to Curzon Street to-night at nine o'clock? Here's my address." He took a card from his pocket.

"Why?" There was a note of defiance in the voice.

"Because I want to ask you something that I think you'll be glad to answer," said Leon.

His big car was waiting at the end of the mews, and he sent it flying in the direction of the Walmer Street hospital. He learnt there no more than he expected, and returned to Curzon Street, a very silent and uninformative man.

At nine o'clock that night came Reynolds, and for an hour he and Leon Gonsalez were closeted together in the little room downstairs. Happily Meadows did not consider it necessary to call.

* * *

It was not until a week afterwards that he came with a piece of information that surprised only himself.

"It was rather a rum thing—that cabman who took Slane back to his flat has disappeared—taken his taxicab and cleared out. There's nothing to associate him with the murder, or I should get a warrant for him. He has been straightforward from the very first."

Manfred politely agreed. Policcart was staringly vacant. Leon Gonsalez yawned and was frankly bored with all mysteries.

* * *

"IT'S very curious," said Gonsalez, when he condescended to tell the full story, "that the police never troubled to investigate Slane's life at Tetley. He had a big house there for some years.

"If they had, they couldn't have failed to hear the story of young Doctor Grain and his beautiful wife, who ran away from him.

"She and Slane disappeared together; and, of course, he was passionately fond of her and was ready to marry her.

"But then, Slane was the type who was passionately fond of people for about three months, and unless the marriage could be arranged instantly the unfortunate girl had very little chance of retrieving her character.

"The doctor offered to take his wife back, but she refused, and disappeared out of his life. He gave up his practice, came to London, invested his savings in a small garage and went broke.

"Having to decide whether he'd go back to the practice of medicine and pick up all that he'd lost in the years he'd been trying to forget his wife, he chose what to him was the less strenuous profession of cabdriver.

"He never saw his wife again, though he frequently saw Slane. Reynolds, or Grain, as I will call him, had shaved off his moustache and generally altered his appearance, and Slane never recognised him.

"It became an obsession of Grain's to follow his enemy about, to learn of his movements, his habits. The one habit he did discover, and which proved to be Slane's undoing, was his practice of dining at the Real Club in Pall Mall every Wednesday evening, and of leaving the club at eleven-thirty on those occasions.

"He put his discovery to no use, nor did not he expect he would, until the night of the murder. He was driving somewhere in the north-west district when he saw a woman knocked down by a motor-'bus.

"Stopping his cab, he jumped down and, to his horror, as he picked her up, he found himself gazing into the emaciated face of his wife.

"He lifted her into the cab, drove full pelt to the nearest hospital. It was while they were in the waiting-room, before the house surgeon's arrival, that the dying woman told him, in a few broken, half delirious words, the story of her downward progress. . . . She was dead before they got her on to the operating table.

"I knew all this before I went to the hospital and found that some unknown person had decided that she should be buried at Tetley and had made the most lavish arrangements for her removal.

"I guessed it before I saw Grain's suitcase packed ready for that tragedy. He left the hospital, a man mad with hate.

"It was raining heavily. He crawled down Pall Mall, and luck was with him, for just as the porter came out to find an empty taxi, Grain pulled up his machine before the door.

"On the pretext of a tyre burst he stopped in the Mall, forced open one of the gates that led to the park, and waited until no pedestrian was in sight before he dragged the half-drunken man into the gardens. . . . He was sober enough before Grain finished his story.

"Grain swears that he gave him the chance of his life, but Slane pulled a gun on him, and he had to kill him in self-defence. That may or may not be true.

"He never lost his nerve. Reaching his cab without observation, he drove to Albert Palace Mansions, waited until the lift had risen, and then ran up the stairs. He had taken Slane's bunch of keys, and on the way had selected that which he knew would open the door.

"His first intention was to search the flat for everything that betrayed the man's association with his wife; but he heard the porter up above saying good-night and, slamming the door, raced downstairs in time to be there when the man reached the ground floor."

"We're not telling the police this, of course?" said Manfred gravely.

Policcart at the other end of the table burst into a loud guffaw.

"What's the use?" he asked. "Here!"

He held a newspaper across the table—his broad thumb-nail indicated a paragraph.

GREEN PARK MURDER ECHO.

After taking the wrong road in the dark a London taxicab fell over the face of Sanford's Quarry, near Dover. The driver, who was killed instantly, is believed to be Reynolds, an important witness in the Slane murder case. The cab carried no passenger, although a considerable amount of personal luggage was found amidst the debris.

The story of how two words spoken in Arabic got a footman the sack and rescued a rich man from the machinations of a gang of swindlers will be told next week.

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Words Winged to Women

THE BUTTERFLY'S STING

by **MABEL HORNER**

THE growing menace of thousands of women without aim or occupation in life cannot be ignored. They threaten the stability of women's equality, for the simple reason that any chain is only as strong as its weakest link.

EVERY day in trains running up to London town may be seen from the windows the drama of Britain's domestic life unfolded. The scenes may vary, but the interest never. On each side of the gleaming lines before they vanish underground stand hundreds upon hundreds of working-class dwellings.

In the little back gardens, whenever the weather is right, the wife and mother are busy while the breadwinner is away at his daily toil. Monday sees the washing hung out. The flapping clothes whitening in the breeze always tell the story of the family.

Where tiny garments betray the presence of King Baby, a further glance may show him at play on the grass or fast asleep in his perambulator, gaining health as the sunshine plays through the branches of the May trees and sends dappling shadows over his tiny body.

It is a good picture. It sends a thrill through the heart, for this is British home-life at its sweetest and best.

A full-time job

Although progress and invention have robbed domestic work of much of its toil, and women now buy at the shop endless commodities they once were forced to make for themselves or go short of, the woman with a home and a baby is never short of a job.

Her very liberation from still-room work has given opportunity to learn more about the children she brings into the world and a very general improvement in infant welfare is the result.

Unmarried women have followed their work into the factories. They earn their own livings, a fact that gives them independence and the standing of citizens.

Against this agreeable picture there is another less admirable. It does not reveal woman at her best, but it is time someone spoke seriously of it.

There is rapidly increasing in our midst a tremendous number of women who do nothing at all worth speaking of. They are interested in nothing and desire nothing but to flit from one light flimsy amusement to another and have what they deem a good time. By a good time they mean an easy time and one without work.

Childless married women, and married mothers well enough off to pay others to do their work, are the chief sinners. They have secured a man to keep them, but whether or not they have a child, they regard the hours of the day as their own to do exactly what they like.

Princess Arthur of Connaught, who, abhorring a purposeless life, acts regularly as a nurse at University College Hospital

They shirk responsibility. They loathe ties. They do not trouble to think.

The woman who lives in rooms and the woman with a large establishment with servants are equally guilty when this is their only outlook. Such women may be seen in their thousands surging about the shopping centres of our towns, gazing in windows, doing nothing more strenuous than waste time and money and hinder the real business of the world.

From such come those tragic characters who end up in our police courts or meet with sudden and frightful death. They are without business and without anchorage.

Even should they flit unhindered along their butterfly path to old age, they are a real menace and danger in our world. For we live on the brink of great things. Never before in the history of mankind has the political situation hung on so delicate a thread.

It may be broken and land humanity to destruction, or it may be strengthened and lead us with ordered and peaceful progress on to the golden age. The ignorance of this community of idle butterfly women is the danger.

Opportunity's door

"During the years 1911–26," says a notable authority, "and especially after the World War, there was a general movement throughout the civilised world towards the emancipation of women from legal disabilities.

"It was particularly strong in Great Britain, where legal discrimination between men and women has, broadly speaking, ceased to exist, and where women not only exercise the franchise, both Parliamentary and municipal, but sit in the House of Commons, where one or two have even attained ministerial rank."

That is the historic door of opportunity. The idle woman in her thousands is the terrible counter-blast. For she it is who, by her irresponsible attitude to life, takes the keenness out of every movement towards human betterment and sets back the clock.

Public opinion must be aroused to her danger. The world cannot afford her.

The Sentence of the Court

A GAMBLER'S GAMBOLS

Winston Warned Off

WINSTON CHURCHILL, Chancellor of the Exchequer and possible Totemaster-General, pleaded "Not guilty" when charged under the Gambolling Act with unseemly behaviour.

"Throughout his public life the accused has been both a gambler and a gamboller," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C. "In the former capacity he led us into the disaster of Gallipoli, while in the latter he has danced a devious course from Sidney Street to Downing Street.

"We have now become rather tired of his giddy gambols, especially since he took to conducting them on racecourses, and is even threatening to carry them into State-owned betting-shops.

"His incurable inability to balance his Budgets has led him to adopt many desperate expedients, but the most futile to date has been his misguided attempt to pay his way by making it impossible for many bookmakers to pay theirs.

"When he decided to tax our bettors his incorrigible optimism led him to expect £500,000 a month from the tax, but although last month's yield was higher than previously, it amounted only to £259,300.

"The unfairness of this effort to extract additional revenue from horse-racing, which was already taxed as an entertainment, was obvious from the first, and that the tax would defeat itself as a revenue-producing expedient was no less obvious.

"Disappointed but undaunted, the accused is now turning a yearning gaze toward a State-owned totalisator.

"As 85 per cent. of the betting in this country is done away from racecourses, the 'tote,' as a revenue-raising device, would inevitably prove an even greater wash-out than the bets tax, unless the accused decided (and, admittedly, it is not beyond the audacity of this Alice-in-Blunderland Mad Hatter) to open Government betting-shops."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said it was easy to talk of racing improving the breed of horses and to picture unhappy bookmakers being forced to reduce their champagne ration and pawn some of their diamond rings and scarf-pins, but the State was as much entitled to revenue from gambling as from the drink traffic.

* * *

"It is true," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that the State derives revenue from excise duties on wine, beer and spirits, but no Chancellor has yet sought to balance his Budget by opening Government dram-drinking shops. The State also obtains revenue from the entertainment tax, but it has not yet gone into the song-and-dance business and set up a High Kick and Grease Paint Ministry.

"Versatility has always been numbered among the prisoner's vices, and, having strutted in the limelight as an Admiral at Antwerp and a Field-Marshal in Houndsditch, he now apparently aspires to cut a dash as Commander-in-Chief of Government Betting Shops.

"Even the comic possibilities suggested by a vision of Winston MacShortodds, in a brand new hat and violent check suit, announcing that His Majesty's Government is prepared to lay five to one on the field, does not reconcile me to the undignified and painful prospect of a Government Wagers Board, reared on shoddy foundations and populated by a new army of bureaucrats.

"Ever since the prisoner, not content with his disastrous gambling ventures in other directions, started meddling with horse-racing, he has been riding for a fall, but this latest thinly veiled threat is distinctly over the odds.

"It is my duty to direct that this rank outsider be scratched for all engagements until he is able to satisfy the stewards that he knows ten times more about racing than political economy."

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of
MEN AND WOMEN
are entirely
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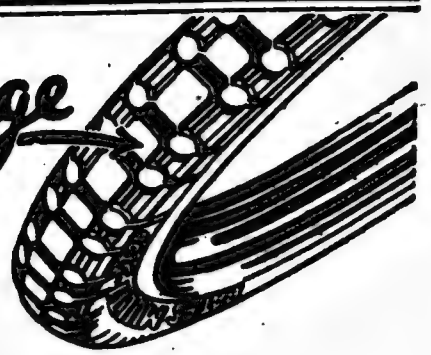

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Human Documents

Victims of a Satyr

Price of Folly—Despicable Doctor—Busybody's Bounce

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

"MY life has been one of almost continual unhappiness ever since I married over twenty-five years ago, through my husband's persistent infidelity.

"Although at first I loved him and was anxious to make him happy, he was continually running after other women, and at different times three of them have borne him children, so that the money which should have been devoted to the maintenance of myself and my little ones has had to be paid to keep these living evidences of his uncontrolled lust.

"After we had been married ten years he deserted from the Navy, leaving me and our four children to starve. He was retaken after nearly a year's absence, but all the discipline of the Service made no improvement and at last he sank lower than the beasts of the field.

"The horrible nightmare which still makes me wake at night shuddering was the discovery that his own fourteen-year-old daughter had fallen a victim to the fiend in human shape, who is still legally my husband. She bore him a child before she was fifteen.

"For that offence he was sent to prison for a year with hard labour.

"WHEN he was released the landlord would not allow him to visit me, and I did not feel inclined to leave my home and go elsewhere to live with such a man.

"He sent money for my maintenance up to last January, but since then I have not had a penny from him nor have I received any payment for my poor daughter's baby which I adopted.

"My husband has disappeared, and has gone away with a woman. As he is a pensioner from the Royal Navy, I wrote to the authorities to enquire where he drew his pension for the April quarter, but I have received no reply and I have had to throw myself on the guardians.

"I am allowed only a few shillings a week to maintain myself and my husband's unfortunate child, and I am unable through illness to go out to work."

"HUMANIST" says: *It seems a scandalous thing that taxpayers' money should be used to pay a pension to such a wretch and that the authorities should connive at his conduct in leaving you to starve. Though they refuse to give you any information regarding him, they would probably disclose any knowledge they have of his whereabouts to the clerk of the court if a warrant were issued for his arrest, and you should urge the guardians to institute proceedings.*

* * *

Criminal Folly

"SOON after I left school I was guilty of an offence for which I was placed on probation, and that early fault seems likely to drag me down for the rest of my life.

"The first job I had afterwards I lost through little-tattle about my having been before the court, and the same thing happened repeatedly. My worst trouble, however, has occurred in connection with the job I now hold.

"One day I was accosted by one of my old companions, who told me he was down on his luck, and asked for a loan of 10s., which I gave him.

"After that he kept asking for more money, and when I told him I could not afford it he said it would be easier for me to help him than to help myself if he informed my employers of my past record.

"He induced me to dip into the firm's cash to meet his demands, until finally I had embezzled over £80, hoping to be able to refund the money before the shortage was discovered.

"I am now rid of the blackmailer, who went abroad with the last money I gave him, but I have not yet been able to set my accounts right, and I live in continual dread. I dare not take a holiday, and I have had to refuse two offers of better employment.

"What can I do? If I confess now a few people would call me a silly fool, but most would say I was just a thief."

"HUMANIST" says: *You are a silly fool and you are certainly a thief. If you had consulted the probation officer in the first place you need not have been worried by threats of blackmail. The only thing you can do now is to confess and hope that your employers may regard the efforts you have made to refund the money you have stolen as a point in your favour.*

* * *

Cash and Discredit

"MY wife was suddenly taken ill last week and her condition seemed so serious that I at once sent for the doctor who made an examination and told me to send for medicine, and to call him again if what he feared was likely to happen showed signs of coming to pass.

"When I sent for him again as directed, he came and after a further examination demanded his fee of a guinea.

"I am only a working man earning £3 a week, and I had not that amount by me, but I promised to get it for him the next day.

"He called again the next day after I had gone to work, and finding that his money was not waiting for him, he behaved in a bullying fashion to my wife as she lay in bed, telling her never to send for him again, and saying that he would not have come if he had known that his fee would not be ready for him.

"I returned home at night after raising the money only to find my wife terribly upset by the way he had acted.

"Must a woman be left to die, perhaps, of hæmorrhage if her husband cannot pay the doctor's fee cash down in advance?

"Surely, I would have got into trouble if things had gone badly with my wife, and I had not sent for a doctor at the earliest possible moment."

"HUMANIST" says: *Doctors like other labourers are worthy of their hire, but having undertaken a case a medical man should not abandon it simply because his fee is not immediately forthcoming without satisfying himself that necessary attention would be provided from another source. To bully a helpless patient about money in her husband's absence is disgraceful and such conduct should be reported to the General Medical Council.*

A Spring Tonic

THE Spring air is a fine tonic, but tonics do not fill or fatten. They create appetite, but they do not appease it. There are poor people trying to live on little more than the air they breathe. You can provide them with meals by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 38.)

"MY mother, who is employed as a charwoman in a large office, was taken ill a few months ago. Her earnings when at work are insufficient to enable her to save anything for a rainy day, so that she had to depend entirely upon National Health Insurance Benefit, which, of course, does not go very far.

Cheating a Charwoman

"Learning that she was in very straitened circumstances, the office staff made a collection for her benefit and she received a few pounds, for which she was very grateful.

"On returning to work, however, she has learnt that she did not receive the whole of the money subscribed, the person in whose hands it was placed, a man in a responsible position, having considered that what was sent to her should be sufficient for her needs and retaining the balance of about a third for the benefit of any other person who may fall ill.

"I do not like to think of my poor mother being cheated. Do you think it is right for part of the money collected for her to be kept back in this way?"

"HUMANIST" says: *If the money was collected expressly for your mother's benefit and not as a general relief fund, she should certainly have received the whole of it. It would be the best policy for your mother to acquaint those who subscribed with the facts of the case.*

* * *

A Selfish Son

"Out of net pay of 12s. a week as a soldier, I am allowing my mother 8s., which is all she has to live on. I have a brother comfortably off, a publican, who will not assist her in any way. How can I make him do his bit?"

"Humanist" says: *The simplest way may be somewhat painful for your mother, but the shame will be your brother's and not hers. If she applies to the guardians for assistance they will bring pressure to bear upon him to carry out his obligations.*

Marriage Bonds

"I do not get on very well with my husband and I would like to be free to marry another man. My husband insisted upon being married in a Catholic church, but I have always remained a Protestant. I am told that in these circumstances the marriage would not be recognised by the Catholic Church, and is therefore not legal. Is this so?"

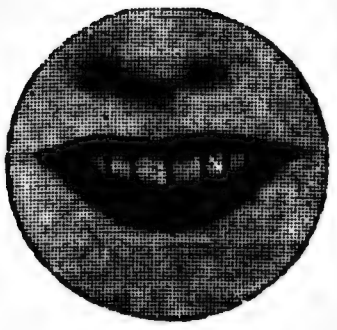
"Humanist" says: *If the marriage was properly performed and duly registered it is legally binding, whether it receives ecclesiastical approval or not. I cannot help feeling that it is a pity people do not devote to devising means of living in harmony half the ingenuity they display in trying to find flaws in their marriage contract.*

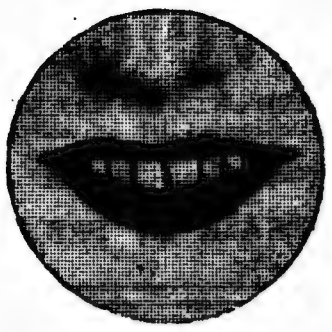
Duty and Danger

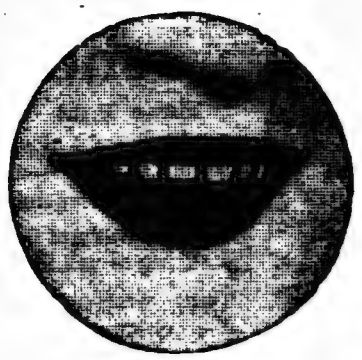
"I dearly love a man in the Royal Air Force, but my mother refuses to give her consent to our marriage because she says his occupation is too dangerous. Should I give him up?"

"Humanist" says: *Certainly not, if you love him. The same argument might be applied to a coal-miner. If every man whose duty takes him into danger were denied hopes of marriage the nation would soon be left without heroes and heroes' sons.*

ONLY MILTON WILL CLEAN FALSE TEETH







THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OF GETTING THEM REALLY CLEAN

USE IT AT NIGHT

The Overnight Method is the one you will use if you prefer to take out your teeth at night. Just add half a teaspoonful of Milton to the glass of cold water in which you leave them. In the morning rinse and wipe. You'll find the whole plate absolutely spotless—teeth glistening white and shining, gold parts glittering! Every trace of 'film' and food has now completely vanished!

OR IN THE MORNING

Equally effective is the Morning Method, for those who sleep with their false teeth in. On rising, slip your teeth into a glass containing equal parts of Milton and warm water. When you are dressed, rinse them in clear water, and wipe. Either method also makes your plate *medically* clean—which means fresh and healthy breath! Milton you get from any chemist, for 1/-, 1/6 or 2/6.

FOR MILTON'S OTHER PERSONAL AND HOUSEHOLD USES, SEE FOLDER ENCLOSED WITH THE BOTTLE

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"Burlington" Regd.
Gent's smart Box Calf Oxford Shoe, welted.
Sizes 5-11. ½ sizes 5½-9½.
B331

16/9

New Styles for the Season

Fifty years' reputation for good quality, good style, good wear and perfect fit lies behind every pair of Burlingtons you purchase. Fifty years' scientific study of economical methods has made F.H.W. value the finest possible.

ORDER BY POST

Simply state shoe number and size and send a pencil outline of your foot, with remittance. (Foreign orders must include enough for postage.) Examine the shoes in your own home. Try them on! We send goods post free in U.K., and guarantee to satisfy you. Send postcard for F.H.W. Catalogue, which shows scores of styles.

Freeman, Hardy and Willis, Ltd.

500 SHOPS 500 SHOPS

106, Rutland Street, Leicester.

Yorkshire Relish

Lasts and lasts—
because it's rich and thin.

HIGH TENSION.
Send for Folder J 5009 in which Exide "Mass" type Batteries are fully described.

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Send for Folder J 5008 which details the advantages of Exide "Mass" type Batteries.

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"MASS" TYPE BATTERIES

Exide "Mass" type Batteries for long slow discharges are the most recent advance in battery design and the most important for many years. They are not subject, like the ordinary battery, to loss of charge, or sulphation when standing (even partially run down) for long periods. They are the only batteries free from this disability.

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Selby
SOUND VALUE

PORTABLE "RIFANCO" GRAMOPHONE.

Model 606, size 13 x 9 x 5, covered black leatherette, strong motor, plays all sizes records, velvet plate, clear tone. Complete, £1 16s. Cash, post free. The mechanical parts, less case, 24/-, Cash with order or C.O.D. List of 50 other types of Gramos from 19/6. Motors from 9/- and all accessories, free. Instructions how to make Gramos & drawing 3d.
REGENT FITTINGS CO. (6D), 120, Old St., London, E.C.1.

£1 16s. Cash. Post Free

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

15 Years of Torture from Neuritis

This letter from Mrs. Crawford, 19, Maskill Street, Fernhill, Bury, Lancs., brings encouragement and hope to every sufferer from nerve pains. She writes:—

"I have been a sufferer for over 15 years with Neuritis and Nervous Breakdowns, and could not get about the house for months together, the pain being so bad I could not sleep night or day. I was hardly ever free from Headaches and Neuralgia, but after giving Dr. Cassell's a good trial I was a different woman altogether. I am now doing my own housework and washing, which I have not been able to do for 'teens of years. Dr. Cassell's are a wonderful medicine and I would not be without them for worlds."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are an invaluable treatment for all nerve troubles, from headaches to neurasthenia.

Sole distributors: Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.
—your guarantee of purity.

Dr. Cassell's
1/3 TABLETS 3/-

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— . . . . . .

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

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2/6

ASTOUNDING RECORD OF 3000 VOICES

C8791 { HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY
3000 Voices (De Montfort Hall, Leicester).
JOHN PEEL
2500 Voices (Empire Theatre, Birmingham).

IMPORTANT—NO INCREASE IN PRICE!

PIMPLES BROKE OUT OVER BACK

Caused Irritation. Lost Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"My trouble began about three years ago when pimples broke out all over my back and came to a head and then broke. They caused a good deal of irritation, and sometimes at night I could not sleep on account of it.

"I kept trying all kinds of remedies but they only relieved me for the time being. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it I purchased more and I was healed." (Signed) George Hodgkinson, School House Hill, Heage, Derbys., Eng.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

For dinky shoes!

"These light rubber soles are really splendid"—says SprightlyMiss Joy-Ped

"You never get tired of walking or standing. ."

Thin and neat, they are cheaper and last longer than leather.

Ladies' 1/6 pair.
Men's 2/6 pair.
Including tube of PHILLIPS Solution.
Easily fixed. Of Bootmen & Leather-sellers everywhere.

JOY-PED
'Stick-on' RUBBER SOLES
PHILLIPS SECOND QUALITY.

2/- NOW and THE BIKE IS YOURS

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry - built cycles at POUNDS BELOW last year's prices.

Absolutely GENUINE REDUCTIONS have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1927 Models, any of which I will send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of small deposit only.

Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded. MY FREE LISTS will convince you, so write NOW for a copy and CHOOSE YOUR CYCLE FROM THE LARGEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEP. 9 COVENTRY.

A SURE WAY TO PUT ON FLESH.

GET STRONG AND VIGOROUS OR GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

If you feel you are too thin and would like to put on a little flesh—just do this. Get a fortnight's supply of Blood-Iron Phosphate from your chemist and take one five-grain tablet after each meal. This great tonic will not only increase your weight and develop your figure, but will make you look and feel stronger and healthier, too. Blood-Iron Phosphate contains no dangerous drugs or alkaloids to bring about a quick, stimulating actoin which quickly passes: it is a special combination of nerve-creating phosphate and blood-enriching iron. That's why it never fails to build up solid, healthy flesh and restore shattered nerves. Get a 3s. package of Blood-Iron Phosphate to-day—it's guaranteed to build you up or you get your money back.

WHY INDIGESTION OFTEN GETS WORSE

Stomach trouble gets worse if you don't treat it properly, and ulcers may form before you realise. Excess of harmful stomach acid causes indigestion, sours and ferments the food, and attacks the delicate stomach lining. The fermented food then forms still more acid—a vicious circle and a dangerous one. Merely to stop the pain of indigestion is not enough. For full protection against chronic acidity and stomach ulcers you must use 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It neutralises acid instantly, and thus, by removing the cause of the trouble, gives quick relief. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is safe, too. It is the one remedy which soothes, heals, and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Don't take risks with ordinary preparations which may be harmful—get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist. It is sold in both powder and tablet form and either will give you instant relief.

CATARRH

Asthma, Head Colds,

Complete Relief Guaranteed in 24 hours by New Treatment or Money Back.

A remarkable new internal treatment has been discovered by a specialist in Catarrh diseases. It is the result of eight years' study and was carefully tested in the clinical treatment of over 7,000 cases. This treatment is now known as Dr. Platt's Rinex Prescription and is bringing relief within 24 hours to hundreds of sufferers who for years have tried almost everything without getting lasting relief. But, why be embarrassed a day longer by horrible Catarrh when speedy and complete relief is now guaranteed or money refunded? Dr. Platt's Rinex Prescription can be taken with absolute assurance, no injurious after effects. Get a 5/- flask to-day. From all Chemists or direct from the Clinical Laboratories, 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1.

FREE COUPON.

Please send me post free Dr. Platt's Rinex Prescription Booklet, "All About Catarrh."

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Our Letter Parliament

Figures That Frighten

Trade Union Pawns—The Education Axe—Charity Snobs

MR. E. ROFFE THOMPSON in his article, "The Pits of Death," in JOHN BULL of May 14, states the naked truth about the miners. Some of us, when we "go down" really descend into a living hell, and nobody but a miner can realise what goes on in the bowels of the earth. Perhaps some of the women voters will appreciate and try to improve our lot. It seems hopeless to depend on male support.—*Disgusted Miner, Wales.*

Working in Agony

The dangers of coal mining are numerous and the labour hard, while the wages are but a very bare existence. Not only is nystagmus a dread disease, but also phthisis caused by stone dust which is breathed in large quantities daily. Thousands work in agony for weeks when a few days off would mean relief, simply because they cannot afford it.—*Miner, Ystrad.*

Fearful Figures

Two hundred thousand people injured every year, with over a thousand killed in a like period! No wonder Mr. E. Roffe Thompson calls the figures terrible, and says no words can emphasise their significance. If this statement of the miners' daily life had been laid bare before the public during the recent strike by Mr. Cook, instead of his seeking to make political capital and self-aggrandisement out of it, the miner would never have had his working day lengthened and his wages cut down to a limit bordering on starvation.—*W. M. J., Middlesex.*

No Choice

Being a miner and suffering from nystagmus, I well realise the risk I am running every day. After being off work through this disease for two years, I was compelled to go back down the mine as no other work was available.—*W. S., Newburn.*

A Terrible Price

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article ought to be emblazoned from every hoarding in the country. The tragic increase of accidents is part of the price paid for longer hours and lower wages, in spite of the damning fact of 100,000 miners less employed than in 1926. To-day batches of men are being paid off and pits laid idle. A day of reckoning must come soon for the coal-owners and the Government.—*A Victim, Gateshead.*

Working and Starving

The wages paid to the miners are scandalous. My own husband brought home 25s. last week. Out of that we have to pay 12s. 6d. for rent, and there are five of us to keep. Our men are working and starving at the same time. A week's holiday means a week's starvation for us.—*A Miner's Wife, Kelty.*

Miners Blacklisted

All the colliery managers in the district where I work keep a list of the men who have been off work with nystagmus, and when their eyes are cured and they apply for work underground, they are curtly told there is no work for them. This is a very real hardship on men who have been all their days in the mines, and are untrained for any other class of work.—*D. M., Blantyre.*

Brains Wanted

We all agree that "safety first" conditions should be the rule, and that where risk is great pay should be correspondingly high. Let the miners elect leaders with brains enough to strive for those conditions and build up the industry. Frothing at the mouth with revolutionary speeches gets them nowhere. — *Anti-Striker, Hounslow.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Moving Picture

Permit me to thank Mr. E. Roffe Thompson and JOHN BULL for the outspoken article, "The Pits of Death." On Friday and Saturday night I called attention to it on the screen in our cinema. I only wish I could have put the whole of the terrible facts into the slide.—*Cinema Manager, Llanhilleth.*

A Gruesome Task

If those who serve on juries were also liable to pull the lever despatching a condemned murderer to eternity, only the gruesome-minded would relish the task. Better than this would be for voters to protest in writing to their Parliamentary representatives and to make organised effort to get this form of barbarism abolished.—*C. J. G., Wallasey.*

Asking for Trouble

The article in JOHN BULL by Judge Atherley-Jones raises important issues. A sexual offence upon an innocent child is of all forms of wickedness the least forgiveable. It may be argued that these crimes are generally committed by mental degenerates and sexual maniacs, but if this is true, what possible justification can there be for turning these people loose on society after a few months' imprisonment.—*R. Haswell, Durham.*

Pawns in the Game

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article on "The Paper Padlock" is all very well up to a point, but there is another side. Every trade unionist knows that meetings are attended by the merest fraction of the membership, but that fraction is the most articulate, energetic and provocative. Hence all the official positions are held by extremists who use the rank and file like so many pawns. Thanks to the Trades Unions Bill, the moderate elements will come into their own again.—*X., Hereford.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"GLASGOW DAILY RECORD & MAIL":—"He was struck by the ENGINE, which was taken to the Royal Infirmary."

"BOYS' MAGAZINE":—"The Arab came out like a bullet from a GONG."

"ISLE OF MAN DAILY TIMES":—"Following a clear night, MORNING SNOW fell in Leeds yesterday AFTERNOON."

"RIPON OBSERVER":—"There were FOUR children to the marriage. FOUR were over age and the TWO remaining were aged 11 and 2½ years."

"TONBRIDGE FREE PRESS":—"He understood that the Club's ANNUAL dinner was to be held MONTHLY instead of quarterly as heretofore."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"The STRING by which it was hanging came off the nail with a CLATTER."

"GLASGOW BULLETIN":—"He is SELDOM on the stage, but we would not have it otherwise, for he is a polished actor."

Be wise *BEFORE* the event. Get the

"JOHN BULL"
RACING ANNUAL

Price 3d.

Travellers' Tricks

The commercial traveller is not responsible for all the bribery in which he has to participate. The fact is he has to "keep in" with the managing staffs of the firms upon whom he calls. If he does not, his trade very soon passes on to one who does.—*H. B., Steyning.*

"Rent-free" Tenants

Landed proprietors are not always so bad as they are painted. A few years ago some farmers in Sutherlandshire had to buy the farms they tenanted. After a year's trial they complained that, owing to heavy taxation, their land was costing them more as owners than as tenants. On some of the largest estates in Scotland no case of eviction has occurred for many years, even though there are tenants who believe in sitting "rent free."—*Agricola, Grantown-on-Spey.*

Fatal Economy

A comparison of the English and German continuation schools shows that the English student makes on the average fifty hours' attendance per session, while the German youth makes 240 hours. This sort of haphazard education will be reflected, sooner or later, in the export and import returns, and that is why electors should strongly resist any attempt to "economise" in the direction of education.—*Joseph H. Greenwood, Cheshire.*

"Flag Day" Snobbishness.

We recently had a "flag day" in this town. I was asked to subscribe. I consented and was then told that the emblems were a penny, threepence, sixpence and one shilling each. There are numerous poor persons who cannot really afford the humble copper yet willingly give. Is it not about time that the various committees realised this and issued one emblem for all?—"*Tanner,*" *Poole.*

"Widow's Awful Ordeal"

Is it true that a child was taken from its heartbroken and widowed mother and sent to a reformatory for receiving a piece of stolen toffee? Are there no fathers in Wakefield who listen to their own dear ones lisping "And God bless mammy and daddy"? Are there no clergymen who repeat "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven"? "Awful ordeal" indeed! God help her and God help us for tolerating such an outrage.—*Stafford.*

The Blushing Kipper

I hope every housewife will leave kippers alone till they resume their natural appearance, which is not a bright golden shade, such as JOHN BULL drew attention to on May 14. I often wish housewives would make more use of the JOHN BULL "Letter Parliament." We might do much more against food fakers. —*A West Riding Housewife.*

Grateful Pensioner

The treatment I have received from the Ministry of Pensions has been more than generous. Précis of my case: Enlisted 1914, demobilised 1919. Applied for pension for tuberculosis 1922. Pension 100 per cent. granted within three months. 100 per cent. pension ever since. Own private practitioner visits me once per week. Drugs, special injections and foods are paid for.—*Infantry Man, Poole.*

Shame on Him!

A certain employer I know has during the past year dismissed eight of his oldest men, whose ages range from sixty-five to seventy-four, and their number of years with the firm between thirty and forty years. All he comforts the poor men with in the final interview is "I've paid your wages long enough for nothing." What gratitude!—*Indignant, Sheffield.*

Artificial Silk Raglan Mac.

Sent for **3/-** with Order.

This is a truly wonderful bargain. The Mac is Fashion's latest decree for present wear, beautifully modelled in correct West End style and in a variety of newest shades. Send and see it. You can pay balance of price by instalments, but—send now!

FULL PRICE **19/11**

There is no doubt about the value here. Such a Mac is well worth 30/-, and would cost that if bought retail. It is cut single-breasted, light weight, Raglan style, in pure rubber-proofed artificial silk, with narrow belt all round and every seam strapped. Pockets are roomy, and the stylishly designed collar can be worn either turned up or down. A most useful Mac for wear in rain or shine.

SIZES (length): 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches.

SHADES: Parma Violet shot Green, Rose shot Green, Navy, Amethyst, or Sealing-Wax Red.

SR.2 Bargain Coupon

Please send me, on approval, Artificial Silk Macintosh, No. SR. 2, at present Bargain price of 19/11.

Length .....

Colour .....

I enclose 3/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 2/3 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Mackintosh, unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit. Enclose coupon with name and full address, and postal order crossed thus / /.

JOHN BULL, 28/5/27, No. 709.

Post your Order at once to—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 709, Alton House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London S.W.1.

Special Free Gifts

are offered in the Great "'HARLENE' 40th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OFFER" appearing on the Back Cover in this issue. Read the advertisement carefully, choose any three of the preparations described and you can have them FREE by filling in and posting the Coupon. Mention "John Bull" and write clearly!

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

ONE ALWAYS READY

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Douglas Stuart (Scot.) Ltd.

"RULES AN EMPIRE of satisfied punters."

John Bull.

DERBY

Market prices time of posting guaranteed.

DON'T DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY.

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DAILY S.P. BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

NO LIMIT ON SINGLES, DOUBLES, ACCUMULATORS.

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DON'T DELAY, WRITE TO-DAY.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

A Thirty Years' Reputation for Fair and Square Dealing.

WHETHER YOU SPECULATE IN SHILLINGS OR HUNDREDS, send your business to

WHITE FISHER & CO.,

144m, West Regent St., GLASGOW.

The Firm that Retains and Satisfies its Clientele.

Write to-day for our terms.

Books open on

THE DERBY

The celebrated "GENEROUS" ODDS.

WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

CALL BOY FOR THE DERBY

Mr. Frank Curzon's Horse to Win—Money Maker Best Each-Way Bet—The French Horse—Mugs on the Downs

I THINK the "philosophers" who were responsible for telling us that "every dog has its day," and that it is a "long, long lane without a turning," must have had punters and Turf prophets at the back of their minds.

PRIOR to the recent York meeting I had begun to doubt them for, so far this season, my luck has been dead out. But the tide has turned. Merriment—10 to 1—Tournesol—5 to 1—and Cragford—6 to 4—were code winners on succeeding days.

NOW that the pendulum has started to swing in the right direction, I feel more optimistic about my selection for the Derby. In my notes last week placed the first three as follows:

CALL BOY
MONEY MAKER
SICKLE

MY own wagers are Call Boy and Sickle to win, but my largest stake is on Money Maker each-way. Some time ago I mentioned that Hot Night would play the part of hare in front of the hounds. He is going to do so, and if only he can last out he will beat my black-lettered selections, but I am still of the opinion that he is another Abbot's Trace.

R. C. Elliott, who will ride Call Boy at Epsom

THE luck of Mr. Macomber has not held in connection with the great Epsom race. I have a pretty good memory, and I believe his entries for the classic numbered seventeen. The last of this little batch has been scratched. Mr. Macomber has one of the finest studs in France, and his best horses were represented. It shows once more that there is no greater lottery than the breeding of racehorses.

THE running of the French three-year-olds up to date does not point to anything great in the way of merit among them. There is nothing to justify the absurd price of 100 to 6 against Mon Talisman at one of the Club "call overs." Start II. is already in this country, and will most probably run, but he is not a world beater by any means, and my feeling is that he will do better at Ascot in one of the races where he can claim maiden allowances.

A SWEET young thing enquired for "Silver Ring" on the telephone, and asked me for the name of the parents of Brigliadoro and the entire history of the horse. Could it win the Derby? I told her that it could, but in my opinion it was cat's meat. Mr. A. de Rothschild's dark horse will be among the 100 to 1 others. If it is another Jeddah I shall be scalped.

A WORD of warning to the umpteen thousands who go to Epsom on Derby Day and do not know the ropes. The Downs are the most interesting spot on earth from the point of view of a student of human nature. There is hardly a type missing. You rub shoulders with lords and ladies and costers and criminals.

WINNERS NEXT TIME OUT?

FINGLAS.—I do not think this small but useful four-year-old would have beaten Tournesol at York, but he had all the bad luck of the race.

GIFTED.—The Shrewton stable, which is in great form this season, will win soon with the son of Rich Gift. So far the five-year-old has not been "gifted" with luck. Has been second in his last four races, which include a City and Suburban and a Victoria Cup.

DOORWAY—says my Northern correspondent—is one of Dobson Peacock's certain winners in the near future. She shows terrific speed from the gate.

LANSON did us a good turn last season, and judging by the way he ran at Doncaster behind Albanian he will do us another shortly. Stays a mile comfortably.

JARVIE, if kept to sellers, is certain to win for Dale before long. Was badly drawn at Bath, but finished fifth.

Follow DARK WARRIOR in six-furlong sprints.

IF you happen to have a guileless face you are sure to make chance acquaintances. I think I must possess one, for on one occasion—St. Amant's year—I shall always remember it as the race was run during a terrific thunderstorm—I was standing in the Ring when two men came up to me. One asked me for a loan of my pencil.

I PASSED it over and he wrote an address on a card. This he handed to his confederate with a pile of notes, and remarked: "Here's your winnings. Now, don't forget, our stable is going to win the last race. I must be off."

HIS friend carried on the good work. "Do you know that fellow?" he remarked. "He's so-and-so's head man. Thanks to him I just won a packet. Would you like to come in on their good thing?" I declined, took my pencil, felt for my gold watch, and moved away.

ONE more point. If you are looking for winners, don't forget that Stanley Wootton's telegraphic address is "Bookmakers' Blight, Epsom." He is the 'cutest trainer at the game and is "playing at home," so to speak. When there is money about for one of Wootton's the layers close up like oysters. And they are wise. The Master of Treadwell House makes few mistakes.

"SAFETY FIRST" asks me: "Have backers any rights?" He adds that he is seeing the Derby for the first time, and hopes to win his winter's keep over Call Boy. Backers have no rights, "Safety First." Betting in the Ring is not illegal, but the Gaming Act does not state that it is legal, and if a case is taken to court and the layer pleads the Gaming Act he would probably get away with it.

IF you are anywhere in the vicinity of Tattenham Corner, "S. F.", and you take 10 to 1 Call Boy for a place, of course you are asking for trouble. The layers round this little spot vanish like flies in the winter time. A friend of mine—not a very wise one—obtained 10 to 1 Sansovino from a flash-looking fellow who stated that he had come to take all the money he could get over the big race. He did. He drove off in a taxi before the race was over.

CRESTA RUN will win the Oaks if she is in the mood, but it is always taking a chance with the ladies, particularly when they are over-temperamental. Personally, I think that Lord Astor will win his fifth classic with Book Law. She is very game, and there is no question of her stamina.

ASTEROIDE II., to whose defeat of Biribi in the Prix du Cadran at Longchamp I referred last week, is coming to England later on, and most probably will meet Ascot engagements. He will also be entered for the Cesarewitch, in which he had top-weight last year.

MY French correspondent has taken me to task for decrying Biribi for his defeat in the Prix du Cadran. It appears that he was struck into from behind in the course of the race and badly kicked. In spite of these little attentions he was only beaten a neck by Asteroide. Biribi does not run in the Coronation Cup at Epsom, but he can take on Coronach in the Ascot Gold Cup.

THE genius who informed us that Asterus was coming back to England to be trained for the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot overlooked the fact that this sprint is for two-year-olds and three-year-olds only, and as Asterus is a four-year-old it is obvious he could not be destined for that race. I stated months ago that the Royal Hunt Cup would be his objective.

THE Royal Hunt Cup will see another International contest staged. Besides Asterus from France, Coram and Banstar are entered. Welssdorn, from Germany, and Apelle, the Italian, are also in the list. Our best are Embargo and Colorado.

THIS week, in view of Friday and Saturday's racing, I am giving a description of the course at Lingfield. The straight mile is on a slightly falling gradient from start to finish. The round course intersects the straight one at the 4-furlong post, and again about a furlong from the winning-post, forming a loop to the straight mile. The turns are easy. This course is used for all races over a mile.

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Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

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P K V R Z B L Q F 2 A Y H J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. SAYZ3IF would read FINGLAS.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, May 25, to Tuesday, May 31.

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Full particulars of Daily Pools see "Sporting Life" and "Sporting Chronicle," a study of which will convince you of the advantages of opening an account with The Totalisator.

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Anyone who has been exposed to infection should realise that even one day's delay makes cure more difficult and less certain. Consult your own doctor directly disquieting symptoms appear, or go to the Out-Patients' Department of the nearest hospital for free confidential advice.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W. 1 (St. James' Park Station), and his advice will be available free at his address on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful booklets for parents, 1s. 5d. the set. Four useful booklets for girls, 9d. the set. Six useful booklets for young men, 1s. 4d. the set, all post free, in plain cover.

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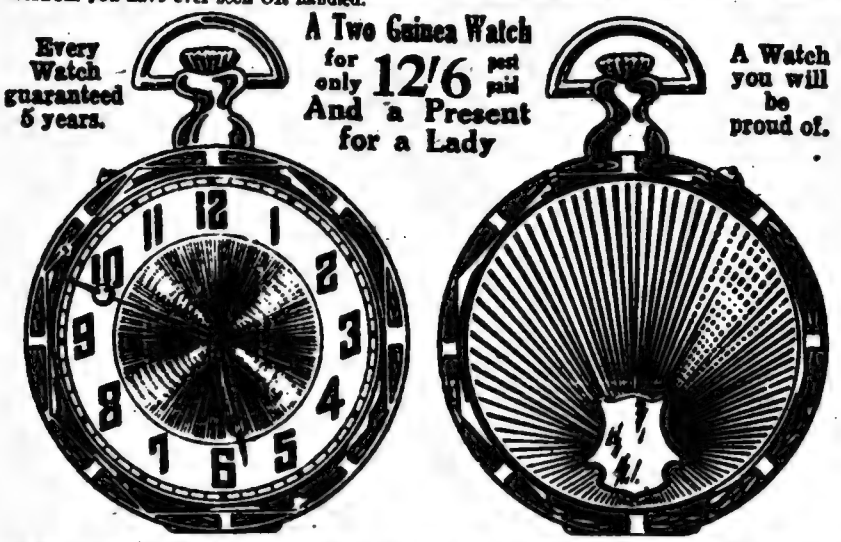

THESE SUPERB WATCHES have hitherto been sold only at high-class Jewellers, but by guaranteeing the manufacturers an extensive sale, we have been fortunate in securing the advertising rights, and thus bringing the price down from two guineas to only 12/6 each. So enthusiastic are we about these beautiful Watches giving you the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, that we do not ask you to pay a penny piece before delivery. If you wish to satisfy yourselves that they are a remarkable bargain for the low price, and need cost you nothing if you do not approve of the Watch sent you. More amazing still, in addition to sending you these quality Watches on free home approval, is the price, which is only 12/6 (well worth 2 gns.), and if you are not satisfied in every way with their unsurpassed value, simply return Watch to us and the postage will be refunded.

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But the Watch remains our property till paid for or returned within two days of receipt. Simply send your full name and full address, but be sure you write NOW, as this offer is only open for a limited time and all orders are despatched in strict rotation.

Exceptional Free Gift for a short period only. In order to further popularise the above unique Watches, we are enabled to present entirely free of charge to all customers sending cash with order one of these Lady's Handsome Black Patent Leather finished Handbags, size 10 ins. x 6 ins. Each Handbag is fitted with mirror and four other fittings, with interior compartments lined with Flowered Broche. The strap is adjustable, long, or short for underarm wear. A useful bag for all occasions.

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was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO.

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Mrs. F. earned nearly £3 a week working for us at home in her spare time, making socks, stockings, etc.

You can earn £2 to £3 a week comfortably working for us at home with an **IMPERIA KNITTER**, or more, according to the amount of time you can give to the work. It is interesting work too—work you will love to do—and it puts you in the position of being your own employer. You are not tied down; you work when you like, and there is a sure sale for the work you do, because **WE GUARANTEE TO BUY YOUR WORK AT GOOD RATES**, or you can sell to private customers as well if you want to and so start a business of your own.

CUT OUT AND POST THIS COUPON WITHOUT DELAY.

Write your FULL name and address plainly on a piece of notepaper, pin the Coupon to it and address as directed.

COUPON.

Please send me FREE and without obligation, full particulars of the Imperia Knitter Home-Work Scheme and your Work-Buying Guarantee.

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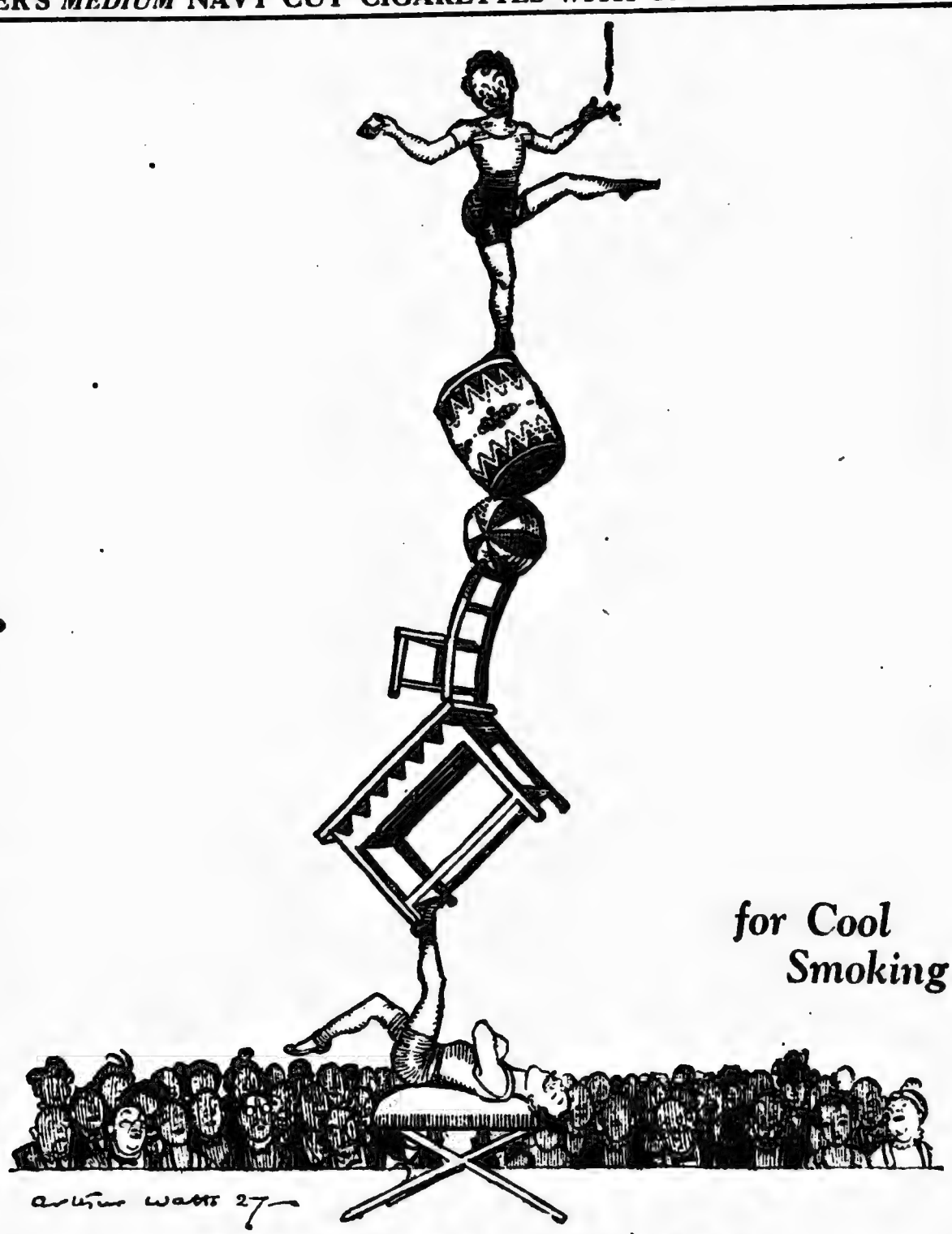

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

G. M. (London, N.W.).—"Spring has come." Copyright strictly reserved?

G. N. (Hackney).—"I have an open mind." But nothing seems to have got in it.

F. N. (Soho).—"He always shuts his eyes when he is singing." He evidently doesn't like to see people suffering.

A. R. (Rochester).—"Twelve men tried to borrow money from me in half an hour." Community stinging.

C. T. (Chelmsford).—"I am going on the films. I enclose my photograph." Your face should certainly be screened.

D. N. (Lewisham).—"There was no after-dinner oratory at our regimental re-union." Was everybody speechless?

F. F. J. (Hanger Lane).—"It's the dreamers who attract attention." Especially if they snore.

H. B. (Brighton).—"I sit hours wondering why it is I cannot get on." That is probably the reason.

S. S. (Frome).—"I will never marry a girl who cannot take a joke." Because if you do she will.

G. K. (Newark).—"I've done sixty-three with my car." Don't expect us to be the sixty-fourth.

I. M. H. (Lowestoft).—"I tell you, bo, I'm a native of God's own country." In that case why write like an American?

T. O. (Hammersmith).—"I found a ten-shilling note and immediately restored it." To circulation or its owner?

T. T. (Oxhill).—"I once drank three bottles of champagne at one sitting." That's more than we can swallow.

D. E. (Knutsford).—"Always answer a fool according to his folly." Right. What's your particular folly?

J. W. (Hambridge).—"She does nothing but spurn my love." Spell it £ove and then see.

Mrs. C. (Liverpool).—"This world is a prison to me." And you'll never escape alive.

S. L. (Bradford).—"I am happy to say we have corporation baths." And do they cost more than baths for the thin?

E. R. G. (Liverpool).—"A perfect stranger tried to pass himself off as best man at my wedding." He probably was.

BESSIE (Kew).—"A girl of twenty-one has more sense than a boy of twenty-one." So she ought to have, seeing that she's usually about thirty.

F. M. (Manchester).—"My objection to modern woman's dress is that it leaves nothing to the imagination." Can you imagine why it costs so much?

W. P. (Boston).—"I've worked under one boss for twenty years." Lots of people have been married longer than that.

J. F. (Clapham).—"How can I get a new patent pipe thoroughly well known?" By getting as many people as possible to puff it.

B. C. E. (Hornsey).—"My wife insists on calling our twin baby-boys Thomas and Timothy." A case of T for two, in fact.

R. R. (Luton).—"I am getting down to work." That's the way to climb.

B. S. (Swansea).—"She was a vision." Do you mean a sight?

C. W. (Burley).—"I will never marry my intellectual inferior." Sure thing.

E. R. (Rochester).—"My garden would astonish you." What's up?

FRED (Bewdley).—"I am now a tee-totaller and non-smoker." Another blow for Winston!

L. P. (Port Talbot).—"What do you think of enclosed poem I have written?" Our favourite bit of Byron!

R. N. (Greenbank).—"Wild animals cannot reason." Possibly that's what makes them wild.

M. S. E. (Meadvale).—"There was something trembling on his lips." Tell him to get a shave.

R. C. O. (Hinckley).—"I am advertising for long-haired girls." Going to start a museum?

S. N. (Yeovil).—"The boss always arrives late when I'm early." No matter so long as he doesn't arrive early when you're late.

L. C. I. (Ebbw Vale).—"I asked for the last dance with her." Did she tell you you'd had it?

J. A. (Crewe).—"Hats off to the past." Better to take your jacket off to the present.

D. E. (Epsom).—"It is fashionable to be sunburnt." It certainly makes the face smart.

T. N. (Edmonton).—"He left the room in the middle of a story I was telling." He evidently walks in his sleep.

G. S. (Harlow).—"A burglar broke in our house the other night and ate nearly the whole of a cake my wife had made." Serves the villain right.

MISS R. (Leeds).—"When I went to the booking-office for a ticket the clerk said, 'Single, of course.'" He must have seen your face at the window.

GRACE E. (Lewisham).—"Though I've known him for some time, he's much too shy to call me by my Christian name." Make him take you out to dinner, and then get him to say Grace.

Who wants a monkey?

We're looking for a good home for a "monkey"—the £500 prize offered in "Bullets" this week. Who wants it?

You do? Then turn to page 39 and join the happy band of readers who are making big money for—

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GO IN——AND WIN!

HOW can you expect to win in the race of life if you allow yourself to be handicapped by a weight of trouble? Get rid of it now by sending particulars (written in ink) to JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service, enclosing stamped addressed envelope. Experts will show the way, and you will then have an equal chance of gaining the prize.*

* * *

TYPIST (Ealing).—"I can type ninety words a minute." You're a fast girl!

E. Y. (Surbiton).—"A fool and his money are soon parted." Or married.

A. P. (Raglan).—"My sister is very clever with her pencil." Eyebrow art?

A. P. (Troon).—"Do you know what his last words were?" "I will"?

M. T. (Chelsea).—"He used to say I had a musical laugh." What does he call it now? An irritating snigger?

F. M. (Willesden).—"My father was a splendid man." Let's hope your son will think he was a grand father, too.

R. K. (Kelso).—"The constable peered into my face." Our police are fearless fellows.

A. N. T. (London, N.W.).—"My two brothers have bought jazz pullovers." Knuts in May!

N. Y. (Taplow).—"He called me a perfect idiot." He was wrong. Nobody is perfect.

T. C. (Bangor).—"What are the first things you need to make a wireless set?" Wires.

T. B. (Chenies).—"When will my dreams of financial success come true?" When you wake up.

J. A. (Preston).—"Summer is here!" It's here, too. You haven't got a monopoly of the thing, you know.

FATHER (Tooting).—"I've bought a wonderful new attachment for the piano." What is it? A lock and key?

GEORGE L. (Sevenoaks).—"Can you tell me a good song for a cricket team's dinner?" "Tom Bowling."

G. (Forfar).—"Flats are built very high now." Some are still about 5 ft. in their socks.

S. B. (Bath).—"I know exactly what you think of me." No wonder you are annoyed.

F. C. (Clacton).—"A pair of robins built their nest in my garden and hatched off five young robins." What did you expect? Birds of paradise?

G. B. SHEPPARD, 134, High Road, Balham.—"My £250 *Bullet* last week was entered from my wife's home in her maiden name of 'Russ.'" £250 for four words! That beats the other "G. B. S."

T. C. (Balham).—"Doctors should be treated with respect." Yet people often poke their tongues out at their medical advisers.

A. W. (Hammerton).—"He can actually play a tune on the piano with his nose." That's nothing. Lots of people play by ear.

T. P. (Highton).—"My wife used to say that she wouldn't marry the handsomest man in the world." And of course she didn't.

MUSICIAN (Enfield).—"The song of the frog is absolutely tuneless." It's a mystery why no modern composer has adapted it for a symphony.

STATISTICIAN (Beds).—"How many really sensible people are there in the world?" Over two million, and they're readers of JOHN BULL.

(Many replies unavoidably held over).

THE WOMAN OF FORTY.

Retaining Vitality at Middle Age.

Middle age comes too soon if you let the cares of life exhaust your blood, leaving you tired and worn. Women, especially, are prone to neglect their health. All their anxiety is for other people. They become middle-aged and suffer in the process—merely because their blood is exhausted.

Not so the woman who realises that the real unselfishness is to preserve her youth as long as she can. She does not cause anxiety to those who love her by being ill, or by always having a backache or a pain in her side. Her blood is in good order—rich, red and pure; she is cheerful and active.

The vitality and youthfulness that abundance of good blood gives can all be yours if you like. For to make rich, red blood you have only to take Dr. Williams' pink pills; you will soon feel the new blood tingling in your veins; your backache will go, your appetite will improve, you will be happy yourself and give happiness to those around you.

So lose no more time, but take advantage now of the great health-help of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Your chemist has them 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE.—"Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that all women of middle age should read. Write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

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to have the best possible cigarette at the price of a gasper."

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You'll get a more enjoyable smoke and save money on every cigarette—but always roll with

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A great chance for you to save £4, and have a famous SELBY ALL-BRITISH DE LUXE 3-speed Cycle. GUARANTEED FOR A LIFETIME. STURMEY-ARCHER 3-SPEED GEAR, DUNLOP CORD (REINFORCED) TYRES, Lycett Saddle, HANS RENOLD CHAIN, etc., etc., PACKED FREE, CARRIAGE PAID DIRECT FROM FACTORY, FREE TRIAL. Immediate delivery on payment only of SMALL DEPOSIT. Wonderful EASY TERMS. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

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Makes Hair Grow and Restores Natural Beauty.

To get rid of dandruff, make hair grow and restore its natural beauty, you must destroy the dandruff germ. The surest, safest and quickest way to do this is by rubbing Lavona Hair Tonic into the scalp every night. This remarkable preparation, which is obtainable of all chemists at only 1s. 6d., not only has the valuable property of destroying the dandruff germ, but it also feeds and strengthens the hair roots in a most astonishing manner, so that in a remarkably short time the hair is wonderfully improved, becoming softer, brighter, glossier and more beautiful and luxuriant than ever before. Get a bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic of your chemist to-day, use as directed, and you'll simply be amazed at the wonders it does.

BEST DIET ADVICE.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health, and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of *John Bull*. On receipt of P.O. for (carr. 1/- extra) we will forward direct from our looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN BORDERED CARPETS (GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS)

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., in Turkey patterns, and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved.

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You can try on free in your own home a beautiful Costume, Coat or Dress in the latest Parisian style, made from material manufactured from Pure Wool direct from the World Famous Yorkshire looms. Write now for BIG FREE Fashion Guide and Big Budget of beautiful Patterns. We pay postage both ways. Select a big bargain, and have it sent home. You will be amazed at its real goodness, quality and style. You can begin wearing it at once and pay as you wear. Write now and get the pick of the bargains BARGAINS IN FURS. You can select any Fur from our FREE catalogue, Opposum, Stone Marten, Foxes, Sables, etc., which will be sent on approval. Write now, no obligation to buy. From 6/- mthly

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YEWDALL'S DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE 189, Cross Francis Street, LEEDS FROM 5/- MTHLY

"The Greatest of These . . ."

Glimpses of Life

Artists and Artisans Living on Air

THERE is a man existing (one can scarcely call it living) in one of the home counties who is an accomplished linguist and a talented artist in wood-carving.

He rendered great service to his country during the war, but continued debility following upon severe shell-shock made it impossible to resume his pre-war occupation, and being without a pension he fell back upon his art as a means of livelihood.

For some time past he has not been successful in earning sufficient to support himself and an invalid relative who is dependent upon him and he has been compelled to pawn his tools and part with most of his household furniture in order to obtain food.

When asked to state his income he said that for weeks he had not earned a penny and that his only income was derived from an occasional day's work as an agricultural labourer.

ON the outskirts of London, there is an artisan who also has little more than the air he breathes to sustain him. He injured himself while at work and lawyers and insurance experts are wrangling whether his case is one for compensation.

Meanwhile, he has to attend hospital four days a week for treatment and the cost of travelling absorbs practically the whole of his income so that he and his invalid wife are left without food.

Only those who have suffered from extreme adversity themselves know how terrible may be the plight of those who are temporarily unable to earn a living.

You may help such distressed souls by contributing as generously as you can to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, knowing that every penny will be devoted to the relief of genuine distress.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

HERBAL PILLS v. MINERAL SALTS

A 30 Years' Favourite Remedy.

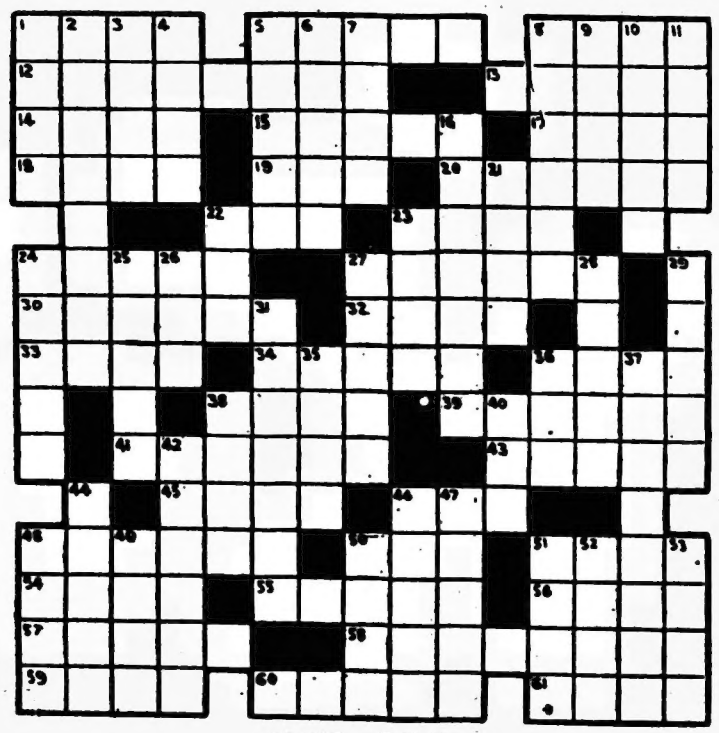
FOR a generation Bile Beans have been recognised as the best and safest of household medicines. They are purely vegetable in composition and a more scientific remedy than old-fashioned pills. Free from calomel (mercury) and other harsh purgatives found in mineral pills and salts, Bile Beans cannot weaken or gripe, or have any constipating after-effect. Bile Beans cure soothingly and without the need of increased doses, and they suit young and old.

Bile Beans have the special virtue of acting directly on the liver and bowels. They aid digestion and assimilation, and make for purer and richer blood. Their efficacy is unrivalled in cases of biliousness, indigestion, constipation, sallow complexion, liver trouble, headache, dizziness, anæmia, depression and debility. Of all chemists. In sealed boxes, 1/3 and 3/-. Bile Beans are never sold loose.

FREE TEST! Every reader mentioning "John Bull," 28/5/27, can obtain FREE a sample box by sending name and address to Bile Beans, Leeds. Write to-day

Our Cross-Word Corner

Get Out Your Pencil



CLUES ACROSS

1. Swift.
5. Afterwards.
8. Young sheep.
12. Height.
13. Rustic.
14. To burn slightly.
15. Tie.
17. Ship's officer.
18. Leguminous plant.
19. Liable.
20. Bathed.
22. Skill.
23. Mischief.
24. To loathe.
27. Contemptuous ridicule.
30. A country.
32. To border.
33. Den.
34. Sweetheart.
36. In the front.
38. Deceived person.
39. An epic poem.
41. Pickled.
43. An active cause.
45. Restraint.
46. To permit.
48. A red fruit.
50. An edge.
51. To incite.
54. Commotion.
55. Simple.
56. To burden.
57. Stage player.
58. Type of musical work.
59. An equal.
60. All.
61. So be it.

CLUES DOWN

1. Reality.
2. Famous music-hall.
3. A celebrity.
4. Weary.
5. Pertaining to the moon.
6. Expert.
7. Wording.
8. Disordered rubbish.
9. Street urchin.
10. Matched.
11. To die by slaughter.
16. Bodily tallness.
21. The number 1.
22. Part of a circle.
23. Young child.
24. End-tag of lace.
25. Successors.
26. Over.
27. Rescued.
28. Escape privately.
29. Fragrant.
31. Evasion.
35. Overt.
36. Dense mist.
37. A deserter.
38. Song for two.
40. Small portion of butter.
42. Speaker.
44. Speech.
46. Human organ.
47. Mineral used for polishing.
48. A snare.
49. Small particle.
50. Ascend.
51. Bone of the forearm.
52. Wander.
53. Paradise.

The solution of last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

DON'T ENDURE THOSE CRUEL HEAD and NERVE PAINS

DON'T neglect nerve pains, for nothing pulls you down as much as pain. The above diagram shows how easily pain spreads if neglected.

If you suffer from nervous headaches, splitting headaches, faceache, neuralgia, tic or other nerve trouble just take a Daisy, the safest, surest and handiest remedy known to medical science.

Daisy cures by soothing and strengthening the nerves, not by drugging them into false hope.

Always keep Daisy handy. A Daisy in time will save hours of pain and worry.

Sold everywhere. Boxes of six powders, 11½d. Single powder, 2d.

Absolutely refuse substitutes, there is nothing so good or so safe as Daisy.

DAISY

CURES HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVE PAINS. D.27.

Daisy, Ltd., Leeds.

2/- NOW GETS A GOLD MEDAL QUADRANT

You can have a 1927 Gold Medal Quadrant Cycle on 14 Days' Approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. Deposit gets immediate delivery. Thousands of testimonials. Write for our Free Lists and see the enormous saving in cash and easy payment terms.

Quadrant Cycle Co. Ltd. COVENTRY

FREE LISTS

FROM 2/- MTHLY

£500 Again!

To gain a Double-First at a University is the work of many years, and there is more credit than cash about it when it comes.

But winning a *Bullets* "Double-First" demands no long and weary hours of study. Common-sense and an ordinary appreciation of the use of words may bring you the "Double-First" we are offering this week. There will be no little credit due to the winner who heads the prize-list in a contest of doubled attractiveness—and there will be £500 in cash as well.

A Winner's Hint

When acknowledging his prize, a recent £500 winner laid stress on a point which some competitors are apt to overlook. "When making *Bullets*, examine the *Example* thoroughly," he advised. "Probe it well to see what can be made of it."

Many entrants confine themselves to a straightforward reply to the *Example* chosen—but there are other profitable ways of using it. Thus, the £250 *Bullet*—BLUSHING—FOR MANKIND, FLANDERS' FIELDS—was not a simple definition of the *Example* BLUSHING. Here the *Bullet* is really a continuation of the *Example*—a *Bullets* method which has won many big prizes for others and may win for you.

The Coming Eclipse

All previous records will be eclipsed when our staggering offer for *Bullets* No. 641 is before you. When, early this year, we offered an "Ideal Home" prize totalling over £2,500 in value, who could have guessed that it would be followed so soon by a vastly bigger offer?

The biggest *Bullets* prize of all is to take the four-fold form so popular in the last mammoth contest. An Ideal Home, built to your requirements, all the Furniture you need, a splendid Motor-car, and *a doubled cash prize of* £1,000—this is the record four-in-one prize in the coming big contest. Get the *Bullets* habit to-day, and be in form for the competition Derby!

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in constitution with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon, submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

ADVANCE EXAMPLES FOR COMPETITION No. 639.

BALDWIN'S WAY	WIPING HIS BROW
WHAT HER FATHER SAID	THOROUGHLY AFTER EIGHT
NO TROUBLE	WHEN POLICE ARRIVE
SHOWING FIGHT	POOR RETURN
FINE DAY	BAKED A HAM
NAME FOR BABY	BROTHER AND HOME
FOR THE BEST	I LIKE
ARTFUL DODGE	BAD FRIENDS
URKINS	WHAT IS A SAT?
TOO LATE	

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE PARTIES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Movements from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 639 have proposed their copies of "John Bull."

FIRST PRIZE DOUBLED AGAIN!!

"BULLETS" DOUBLE-FIRST

£500

ONE WEEK CONTEST.

2ND PRIZE	3RD PRIZE	4TH. PRIZE	5TH. PRIZE
£50	£25	£15	£10

10 PRIZES OF £5 — 10 PRIZES OF £2-10

100 PRIZES OF 10/- — 200 PRIZES OF 5/-

500 PRIZES OF 2/6 AND 8,000 TARGET PRIZES

How to Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—ALL WRONG
Bullet:—"CROSSES" MARKING CIVILISATION'S MISTAKES.

Example:—THE SLUMS
Bullet:—OWNERS "RUN" WITHOUT "ENTERING."

Example:—VOICE OF THE PEOPLE
Bullet:—QUIET—GOVERNMENT'S BEST APPLAUSE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 639.

LAND AND SEA
OUR SWEEP
HINT FOR HER
SUMMERTIME
TIRESOME FELLOW
ON THE SCRAP-HEAP
HER REVENGE
WHAT THE HORSE SAID
A FEW
THE PLAIN TRUTH
MOTHER'S LOVE
PLACE FOR ME
AN OUTSIDER
CUTS BOTH WAYS
A FLOOD
SINKING SHIP
THE OLD FLAG
GOING HARD
HER FAVOURITE
WITH A GROWL
AT SUNRISE
SPITEFULLY
SELFISH HUSBAND
A HARD FIGHT
GOOD WORK
SPOILT
A BRICK
SAID TO AUNTIE
FATHER'S SHARE
BROKEN
NOT APPRECIATED
WHAT IS NATURE?

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" competition No. 638 will be shown in the window of Mr. BURBERRY, 8, Haymarket, Regent, S.W.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 639, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(639) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(639) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

☞ "Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(639) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(639) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The result of "Bullets" No. 637 (£2,000 offer) will appear next week.

A Free Luxury For Your Hair!

Select Your Own Hair-Health and Hair-Beauty FREE GIFTS from this Page.

Great "HARLENE" 40th ANNIVERSARY Celebration Offer

1 "HARLENE" HAIR TONIC

Famous for 40 years as being absolutely unequalled for its power to make the hair grow at any age; for the freshness, youthful lustre and healthy beauty it creates and maintains in the hair, and for its rapid "tonic"—even champagne-like action on hair and scalp—revitalising "sleeping" hair-cells, stopping the hair falling out on brush or comb, preventing the formation of scurf, etc. Equally good for men and women. The time required is only two minutes a day and *full directions* are given with the One Week's FREE Trial Bottle you are invited to accept to-day. Further supplies can then be obtained as required from all chemists at 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

2 "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER

The most perfect wet Shampoo ever compounded. Cleanses the hair and scalp, *thoroughly* removing all grease, dust, scurf, etc., "toning up" the scalp, invigorating the hair, and leaving a deliciously cool and refreshing sensation after use. "CREMEX" brings out too, in full beauty, the artistic lights and shades of the hair. Ideal for preparing the hair for waving. A Free Trial Packet now awaits your acceptance. Further supplies from chemists in boxes of 7 Shampoos 1/6. Single Packets 3d. each.

3 "CREMEX" DRY SHAMPOO

A wonderful discovery for Ladies who do not wish to employ a wet Shampoo in between the usual waving times. This rapid-cleansing DRY Shampoo *preserves the waves*, thoroughly removes dust and grease, etc., and has a most *burnishing* effect on the hair, making it lustrous and "sparkling with its own sunlight," thus adding three-fold to the loveliness of the waved coiffure. Full directions with each Trial Packet. Further supplies from chemists in boxes of 7 Shampoos 1/6. Single Packets 3d. each.

4 "HARLENE" WAVE-SETTING LOTION (for Ladies)

This truly remarkable lotion was first perfected for use as an adjunct to the "HARLENE" Home Hair Waver, and has been found extraordinarily successful in "setting" waves and curls so that they remain unaffected by fog, mist, damp, and even sea air. Also keeps unruly "ends" of hair perfectly in place, thus giving the hair a "finished" and "dressy" appearance at all times. Full directions for use with every Free Trial bottle: Further supplies from chemists at 1/3 per bottle.

Send the Coupon *Now!*

A VERY special Free Gift is publicly announced to-day to celebrate the founding of the business of Edwards' "Harlene-for-the-Hair" 40 years ago—the first Laboratories in the World to bring Modern Science to the aid of the Hair Toilet.

Wherever the English language is spoken the name and fame of "HARLENE" has penetrated. Countless thousands of men owe the preservation of their hair to the wonderful two-minutes-a-day "HAIR-DRILL."

More than half the women in this country who have demonstrated the loveliness of the waved hair fashion are living testimonials to the amazing beautifying properties of the various "HARLENE" preparations.

Now we come to the delightful idea behind the present FREE GIFT, which is to offer *to every reader of "John Bull"* exactly what they choose from the wonderful list of Hair Toilet Preparations described on this page.

Read carefully the List. Choose ***ANY THREE*** of the preparations described, and you can have them *FREE* simply by filling in and posting the Coupon below.

If you select, say, a bottle of "HARLENE" HAIR TONIC, a bottle of HAIR-WAVE-SETTING LOTION, and a bottle of "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, all you have to do is to fill in on the Coupon below the numbers 1, 4 and 7 in the space provided. This is just an example. You are free to choose ANY three articles, filling in the numbers accordingly. The Free Manual of "HAIR-DRILL" will be sent in all cases in addition.

THE "HARLENE" HOME HAIR WAVER.

(Patent Pending.)
Reg. No. 26536/26.)

The "HARLENE" Home Hair Waver is a most wonderful invention. Anyone can use it. Electricity is *not* required. It is not only easy to handle, but astonishingly rapid, and gives that "Bond Street" side-sway to the waves which is the pride of the expert professional coiffurist. Used in conjunction with "HARLENE-Hair-Drill" preparations, it enables you to wave your own hair at home *at much less than one-quarter of the usual waving costs.* The price of the Waver is **2/6** and ladies who desire to have this splendid invention, in addition to their choice of three FREE Toilet Gifts, should enclose 2/10 altogether (*i.e.*, 2/6 for the Waver, and 4d. for Postage and Packing of the Free Gifts).

5 "HARLENE" Cleansing and Revivifying HAIR FIXATIVE

(For Gentlemen). A great popular success and indispensable to men who desire to appear at all times "well groomed." Not only "fixes" the hair as brushed, without greasiness or stickiness, but imparts a most attractive lustre and brightness. Enables you to go through the whole day as neat and trim as though you had just come from a fashionable hairdresser. Of great value to men who go in for athletics. After you have used the Free Trial Bottle further supplies can be obtained from chemists everywhere at 1/3 per bottle.

6 "ASTOL" FOR GREY HAIR

Restores the colour to Grey, White or Faded Hair. Has been used by countless thousands who, to-day, look many years younger than their actual age. "ASTOL" is very pleasant to use—stimulating, delicate, and refined—and is not a dye or stain. Full instructions for use given with every Free Trial Bottle. This preparation is equally suitable for ladies as for gentlemen. Regular prices 3/- and 5/- per bottle from all chemists.

7 "UZON" BRILLIANTINE

(For Ladies and Gentlemen). One of the Toilet Luxuries of the century which is surprisingly economical to use. A few drops make "all the difference" to the coiffure and add a touch of real distinction. Of especial benefit to all who have a tendency to hair and scalp "dryness." A Free Trial Bottle awaits you, and your chemist will supply future requirements in bottles at 1/1½ and 2/9.

40th Anniversary GIFT COUPON.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20/26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.2

Dear Sirs,—I wish to avail myself of your **40th ANNIVERSARY GIFT OFFER.** The Preparations I have chosen are:—

No..... No..... No.....

Also send me a FREE COPY of the "HARLENE" Hair-Drill Manual. I enclose 4d. stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

If You desire the NEW "HARLENE" HOME HAIR WAVER to be included simply ask for same on the sheet bearing your name and address, and enclose extra postal order for 2/6—i.e., 2/10 in all—made payable to Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., and cross /& Co./.

John Bull. 28/5/27.

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